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OLD YARMOUTH

SEPT. 3RD.

1639 - 1889

KELEY
YARY
RSITY OF
FORNIA

Presented
To
Aunt Lydia Kewell.
From her Nephew.
Isaac F. Smalley.

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VIEW ON MAIN STREET.

THE CELEBRATION

—OF THE—

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

FOUNDING OF

OLD YARMOUTH,

MASS,

INCLUDING THE PRESENT TOWNS OF YARMOUTH AND DENNIS.

SEPTEMBER 1 AND 3,
1889.

YARMOUTH, Mass.
Published by the Committee.
1889.

***

PRESS OF FRED. HALLETT,
YARMOUTHPORT, MASS.

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PRELIMINARIES.

The town of Yarmouth included within its limits until 1794 all that is now comprised in the two towns of Yarmouth and Dennis. It is the founding of the old town, so described, that it was proposed to celebrate and is hence called in this memorial — Old Yarmouth.

In the warrant of the annual town meeting to be held February 11, 1889, appeared the following articles:

"To see if the town will raise a sum of money not to exceed one thousand dollars to defray the expenses of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary celebration of its incorporation."

"To see if the town will appoint a committee of arrangements, with full power to carry out all the necessary plans for this celebration, the expenses not to exceed the sum appropriated."

At the town meeting held on the above date the town voted almost unanimously to appropriate the sum named, for such a celebration, and appointed a committee of ten citizens with full powers to act, viz.:

Henry C. Thacher,	Rev. John W. Dodge,
Daniel Wing,	John Simpkins,
Charles M. Bray,	Charles F. Swift,
Barnabas C. Howes,	John K. Sears,
Thacher T. Hallet,	Stephen Wing.

At the first meeting of the committee, held March 12, Elkanah Crowell was elected a member of the committee;

Henry C. Thacher was chosen chairman; Charles F. Swift and Elkanah Crowell, vice chairmen; Daniel Wing, secretary, and Thacher T. Hallet, treasurer; Messrs. J. Montgomery Sears and Nathan Matthews of Boston were voted members of the executive committee.

It was voted to extend a cordial invitation to Dennis to join us in our celebration in this town.

Although it was not deemed best by the citizens of Dennis to unite in a corporate capacity in the celebration, leading citizens of that town entered with enthusiasm into the undertaking and at once came forward guaranteeing the sum of five hundred dollars towards defraying the share of Dennis in the expenses of the celebration.

At a meeting held March 22, the following gentlemen were selected to represent Dennis on the general committee, viz.:

Joshua C. Howes,
Obed Baker, 3rd,
Luther Fisk,
Luther Hall,
Henry H. Sears,
Edwin Baxter,
Warren Snow,
Dr. Sam'l Crowell, Dorchester,
P. H. Sears, Boston,
E. H. Cole, Brooklyn.
Thomas P. Howes,
James S. Howes,
Watson F. Baker,
Joshua Crowell,
David Fisk,
Samuel S. Baker,
T. T. Nickerson,
F. M. Swift,
F. B. Tobey, Chicago,

At a meeting held April 11, Edward Lewis, Freeman Howes, William P. Davis and Dr. Thomas B. Pulsifer were added to the general committee.

At a meeting of the general committee held May 2, the following sub-committees were chosen:

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Henry C. Thacher,
T. T. Hallet,
Elkanah Crowell,
C. F. Swift,
David Fisk,
Luther Hall,

LOCATION, HALLS, ETC.

E. D. Payne, Freeman Howes, Seth H. Hamblin, D. B. Crocker, Charles Goodspeed.

RECEPTION.

Fred C. Swift, Obed Baker, 3rd, Cyrus Hall, (Dennis), George T. Thacher, C. M. Underwood, Stephen Sears, Isaac Myrick, C. S. Knowles.

LITERARY EXERCISES.

Thomas P. Howes, C. F. Swift, Rev. J. W. Dodge, Henry G. Crowell, Louis B. Thacher, Henry H. Sears.

DINNER.

D. D. Kelley, T. T. Hallet, Luther Fisk, Sylvanus Evans, I. B. Hall, Sturges Crowell, E. B. Hallett.

PROCESSION.

John Simpkins, T. C. Thacher, James F. Howes, E. W. Eldridge, Charles R. Howes, S. F. Baker.

MUSIC.

Charles B. Corey, Joseph W. Hall, W. N. Stetson, S. S. Baker, A. H. Eldridge, 2d, F. G. Hall, Mrs. Paul F. Sears, Mrs. B. S. Sears, Miss Kate W. Matthews.

ANTIQUARIAN EXHIBITION.

Thomas Matthews, Rev. G. I. Ward, Darius Crowell, Luther Hall, Stephen Wing, W. F. Baker, Mrs. Wm. J. Davis, Miss Maria Matthews.

TRANSPORTATION.

T. W. Swift, E. C. Matthews, A. B. Chase, 2d.

POLICE.

Charles M. Bray, Seth Taylor, T. F. Drew, John Small, R. H. Hefler.

PRINTING.

Daniel Wing, F. M. Swift, C. W. Swift.

DECORATIONS.

Charles Thacher, 2d, Samuel H Thacher, Joshua Sears, Dr. H. Q. Brigham, John G. Thacher, Miss Ruth Simpkins, Mrs. E. D. Payne, Mrs. Watson Thacher, Miss Ruth G. Bray.

SPORTS.

Edward F. Pierce, W. J. Davis, Edwin C. Brown, C. Ritchie Simpkins, Paul F. Sears, James H. Davidson, B. L. Baker, H. D. Loring.

FIRE WORKS.

Alfred Gorham, H. H. Sears, T. T. Nickerson.

BALL.

John Simpkins, H. H. Fisk, Samuel S. Baker, Charles W. Swift, A. C. Snow, D. W. Sears.

AUDITORS.

Elkanah Crowell, J. C. Howes, W. J. Davis.

Luther Hall and Luther Fisk were chosen as vice chairmen on the part of Dennis.

The Committee made the following appointments for the day of celebration:

PRESIDENT,

Henry C. Thacher.

CHIEF MARSHAL,

John Simpkins.

CHAPLAINS,

Rev. John W. Dodge. (at the church.)

Rev. Jeremiah Taylor, D. D. (at the tent.)

ORATOR.

Philip H. Sears.

POETESS.

Mrs. Thomas C. Bray.

Miss Gertrude Alger was invited to write a hymn for the occasion, but being unable to do so by reason of illness, Rev. John W. Dodge was requested to perform that service.

The chief Marshal chose the following aids:

Edmund W. Eldridge.

Thomas C. Thacher.

The following committee was appointed to prepare and publish a full report of the proceedings of the celebration, viz.:

Henry C. Thacher, Rev. J. W. Dodge, Elkanah Crowell, Daniel Wing, Thomas P. Howes.

The date of the incorporation of the town was Sept. 3, 1639, O. S. Eleven days would need to be added to make the corresponding date in N. S., but the committee decided that as this was to be an old style celebration they would adhere to the original day, and fixed for the occasion Sept. 3, 1889.

Invitations were extended to the State government, to our representative in Congress from this District, and to the Cape Cod Association of Boston.

The following official form of invitation was widely sent to natives of the town and others:

YARMOUTH QUARTER-MILLENIAL CELEBRATION.

1639 1889

The town of Yarmouth, together with the inhabitants of Dennis (which was formerly a part of Yarmouth) proposes to celebrate on the third day of September next, the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its incorporation. In behalf of OLD YARMOUTH, we hereby extend to all of the sons and daughters of her original jurisdiction a cordial invitation to be present and participate in the festivities of the occasion.

For the committee on invitations,

DANIEL WING, Chairman.

Yarmouth, July 12, 1889.

The following announcement for the exercises of the day was made in the papers by the executive committee:

OLD YARMOUTH
QUARTER-MILLENIAL
CELEBRATION.

The 250th anniversary of the settlement of Old Yarmouth, comprising the present towns of Yarmouth and Dennis, will be appropriately observed on

TUESDAY, September 3, 1889.

Upon the arrival of the special train from Boston, about 10 o'clock A. M., a procession will form at railroad avenue, and proceed to the First Congregational church, where an

HISTORICAL ADDRESS

will be delivered by Philip Howes Sears, Esq., of Boston, and other appropriate exercises will occur. These exercises are open to the public.

A DINNER

will be served in a tent north of the school house, by an experienced caterer, to which tickets are on sale in the various villages and in Boston, after which speeches will be expected from His Excellency the Governor, His Honor the Lieutenant Governor, Hon. John E. Sanford, Rev. Dr. Taylor, Hon. W. W. Crapo, Hon. George A. Marden, Rev. John W. Dodge, Hon. Charles S. Randall, Capt. Thomas P. Howes and others to be announced. A series of

OUT DOOR SPORTS

will be provided and fire works in the evening.

A BALL

will be given in the evening at the Nobscuseett House, Dennis.

As the founding of the First Congregational church was coeval with the settlement of the town, and the ten existing religious societies are in some sense offshoots from it, it was deemed best to observe its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary in connection with the town celebration. Accordingly, the following invitation was sent to each of the churches within the limits of the old town:

"You are cordially invited to unite with us in celebrating the Quarter Millenial Anniversary of the First Church in Old Yarmouth on Sunday, September 1. At the morning service there will be a Historical discourse, followed by the Communion of the Lord's Supper. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon there will be a second service and responses to

greetings will be expected from invited churches of Yarmouth and Dennis. A collation will be served in the vestry at noon."

Fraternally Yours,

JOHN W. DODGE, Pastor,
SAMUEL THACHEE,
EDWARD B. HALLETT,
E. DEXTER PAYNE,
ISAAC B. GAGE.

Committee.

Yarmouth, August, 12, 1889.

The invitation was cordially accepted, and the following programme of exercises was prepared by the committee :

1639 THE 1889

QUARTER-MILLENIAL
ANNIVERSARY
OF THE
FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
OF
YARMOUTH MASS.
SEPT. 1, 1889.

PROGRAMME.

Morning service at a quarter to 11 o'clock.
Anthem and Doxology.
Invocation.
Responsive Reading of the 107th Psalm.
Gloria Patri.
Scripture Selections.
Prayer, Rev. J. Taylor, D. D., of Boston.
Hymn, 216 Sabbath Hymns,
"O God of Bethel by whose hand," etc.
Historical Sermon, by the Pastor, Rev. John W. Dodge.
Hymn, 1115, "O God, beneath thy guiding hand."
Lord's Supper.

Rev. Dr. Taylor and the Pastor officiating.
Hymn, 1055.
Benediction.
Collation served at half past 1 P. M. in the vestry.
Afternoon service at 3 o'clock.
Organ Voluntary.
Anthem.
Prayer, by Rev. C. A. Bradley.
Singing by a Quartette.
Welcome by the Pastor.
Greetings by the Mother church, extended by Rev. Jeremiah Taylor, D. D.

ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

BY REV. JOEL S. IVES.

God of our Fathers, here we raise
Our grateful hearts in joyful praise;
Thy hand hath led us hitherto,
Thy hand shall lead the journey through.

Two hundred years and fifty more
Since there arose by yonder shore
This ancient church; she lives to-day,
Though centuries have rolled away.

The story of her hopes and fears,
Her struggles, victories, prayers and tears
We tell to-day. The bright'ning page
Unfolds our goodly heritage.

Faith, hope and love can never die;
Recorded are her vows on high.
Unnumbered souls—a glorious throng—
Are witness to our prayer and song.

Hail Ancient Church! Lift high thy voice!
Through centuries yet to come, rejoice!
The Church Triumphant waits, and we
Shall join the immortal company.

Responses by Representatives of Invited Churches.
Reading of Letters, etc.

Hymn 1116. Sabbath Hymns.
"O Lord our Fathers oft have told," etc.
Benediction.

ABSTRACT OF HISTORY.

CHURCH FOUNDED 1639.

PASTORS:

Rev. Marmaduke Matthews,	1639–1646 (?)
Rev. John Miller,	1647–1661
Rev Thomas Thornton,	1667–1693
Rev. John Cotton,	1693–1705
Rev. Daniel Greenleaf,	1708–1727
Rev. Thomas Smith,	1729–1754
Rev. Grindall Rawson,	1755–1760
Rev. Joseph Green, Jr.,	1762–1768
Rev. Timothy Alden,	1769–1828
Rev. Nathaniel Cogswell,	1822–1851
Rev. Abel K. Packard,	1851–1859
Rev. Joseph B. Clark,	1861–1868
Rev. John W. Dodge,	1868

The East Precinct was organized into a separate church in 1727, receiving the name of Dennis in 1794.

West Yarmouth became a distinct parish in 1840. The church has had four houses of worship.

THE CHURCH CELEBRATION.

As the organization of the Church antedated, by several months, the incorporation of the town, it was fitting that the occasion should be introduced by the church anniversary. The morning of the Sabbath, Sept. 1, opened bright and beautiful. Nature was in her loveliest attire,—for the season had been rainy and the verdure was unwontedly fresh. The entire day passed without a cloud to mar its beauty. The occasion had been anticipated with great interest, and the enthusiam could be felt in the very air. Long before the time of service the people began to arrive from the various sections of the two towns, nearly all the regular services having been surrendered to allow the people to avail themselves of the opportunity to attend the anniversary. The church was filled to its utmost capacity, settees being brought in to allow all available space to be occupied. The church had been elaborately decorated with evergreen, and on the platform in the rear of the pulpit was an evergreen arch, with the inscription:

1639 ANNIVERSARY 1889.

Potted plants filled the space around and in front of the pulpit, with bouquets of cut flowers. The pastor was assisted by Rev. Jeremiah Taylor, D. D., of Boston, grandson of Rev. Timothy Alden, one of the former pastors of the church. The choir was made up of representatives of the different societies, and in the forenoon was under the charge of Mr.

Andrew Eldridge, 2d, chorister of the First Congregational church; in the afternoon, of Mr. Isaac Gorham of New York.

The program as already given was faithfully carried out.

The following were the Scripture Selections:

Hebrews, 11th chap. 1st to 10th verse, inclusive; 11th chap. 32d verse to 12th chap. 2d verse, inclusive; *Hebrews*, 13th chap. 7th to 21st verse:

1 Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

2 For by it the elders obtained a good report.

3 Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear.

4 By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts: and by it he being dead yet speaketh.

5 By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death; and was not found, because God had translated him: for before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God.

6 But without faith it is impossible to please him: for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him.

7 By faith Noah, being warned of God of things not seen as yet, moved with fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house; by the which he condemned the world, and became heir of the righteousness which is by faith.

8 By faith Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed; and he went out, not kowing whither he went.

9 By faith he sojourned in the land of promise, as in a strange country, dwelling in tabernacles with Isaac and Jacob, the heirs with him of the same promise:

10 For he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

32 And what shall I more say? for the time would fail me to tell of Gedeon, and of Barak, and of Samson, and of Jephthae; of David also, and Samuel, and of the prophets:

33 Who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of Lions.

34 Quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens.

35 Women received their dead raised to life again: and others were tortured, not accepting deliverance; that they might obtain a better resurrection:

36 And others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonment:

37 They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword: they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented;

38 (of whom the world was not worthy:) they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth.

39 And these all, having obtained a good report through faith, received not the promise:

40 God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect.

CHAP. XII. 1 Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us.

2 Looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God.

CHAP. XIII. 7 Remember them which have the rule over you, who have spoken unto you the word of God; whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation:

8 Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever.

9 Be not carried about with divers and strange doctrines. For it is a good thing that the heart be established with grace; not with meats, which have not profited them that have been occupied therein.

10 We have an altar, whereof they have no right to eat which serve the tabernacle.

11 For the bodies of those beasts, whose blood is brought into the sanctuary by the high priest for sin, are burned without the camp.

12 Wherefore Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate.

13 Let us go forth therefore unto him without the camp, bearing his reproach.

14 For here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come.

15 By him therefore let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is, the fruit of our lips giving thanks to his name.

16 But to do good and to communicate forget not: for with such sacrifices God is well pleased.

17 Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves: for they watch for your souls, as they that must give an account, that they may do it with joy, and not with grief: for that is unprofitable for you.

18 Pray for us: for we trust we have a good conscience, in all things willing to live honestly.

19 But I beseech you the rather to do this, that I may be restored to you the sooner.

20 Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant,

21 Make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

The Quarter Millenial prayer was offered by Rev. Jeremiah Taylor, D. D., of Boston.

The Historical sermon was preached by the pastor of the church, Rev. John W. Dodge.

THE HISTORICAL SERMON.

ROMANS 9: 7.—"*Whose are the fathers.*"

It was a bright feather in the cap of the Jew that he was descended from the three great patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. God had even condescended to name himself from them. Their national covenant or constitution had been ratified by them. They were only building in all their later history on foundations laid by them. God was favorable to them for the fathers' sakes, and all their prosperity was a fulfilling of the mercy promised to the fathers. The mountain where their fathers worshipped was almost as sacred on their account as for the worship itself, and even

the wells they had dug and drunk from were unequalled by any of more modern days. And though they lost in later times the spirit of those fathers, they garnished their sepulchres and held their names in veneration. In all this they were expressing not merely a national, but a natural instinct. Of all peoples it is true that "the glory of children are their fathers," and the children of the Pilgrims are by no means wanting in this spirit. Especially is this true of the earliest churches founded near the original spot of the landing, and during the next decade after their arrival. Of them it may be emphatically said, "Whose are the fathers." It is to honor their memory that we are assembled to-day after the lapse of 250 years, and not theirs only or chiefly, but Him whose servants they were, "for they got not the land in possession by their own sword, neither did their own arm save them, but thy right hand and thine arm and the light of thy countenance because thou hadst a favor unto them."—Psalms 44: 3.

It may be well at the outset, for the satisfaction of my younger hearers, to give the reason for the separate recognition of this anniversary by the church. Ordinarily in our day the organization of the church follows after the settlement of the town as called for by the growing needs of the community. But in the planting of New England the church took precedence of the town. They came to enjoy freedom for their religion. "They sought a faith's pure shrine." The preamble of one of the laws of the Plymouth Colony runs in this way: "Inasmuch as the several townships were granted by the government in consideration that such a company might be received as should maintain the public worship of God among them." So the town was organized to be a protection for the church, or perhaps you may say a pedestal on which the church should rise. So it was very natural that no distinct settlement could be recognized as a town unless it had its church and minister. That was the case here. The church anteceded the incorporation of the town by several months. And for that reason we do

well to give it the place of honor.

I am not called upon to tell the story of the old church to-day, for that has already been done on another occasion so far as the imperfect state of the records permitted. I design only to touch upon some points in the early history that are most characteristic, and so bring out as faithful a picture as possible of the fathers and their work.

In 1639, probably in March, the original settlers came to Mattacheese in a body, a few having preceded them the fall before. Sandwich had been settled in 1637 by a few families, but with so little growth that the church was not organized till October, 1639, with Rev. Wm. Leveridge as pastor, and ten years later had only eleven male members. The Barnstable church was organized in London in 1616, removed with its pastor to Holland in 1608, came to New England and settled in Scituate in 1634, and in 1639 removed to Barnstable with their pastor, Rev. John Lothrop. These were their only neighbors for five years, when in 1644 Eastham began to be settled, though no church was organized till Mr. John Mayo from Boston came to them in 1646, as a teacher. After that no more new plantations were made or churches formed for that century, except an Indian church at Mashpee in 1670.

It may be of interest to associate with the year of the founding of this church the fact that it was the first of Mr. William Bradford's long and honorable service as Governor, of whom it has been said that "he would have done honor to any age." With him in the colonial government as assistants were Thomas Prince, Miles Standish, John Alden, John Brown, Wm. Collier, Timothy Hatherly and John Jenney. The saintly Elder Brewster, then an old man of eighty, was still the minister at Plymouth, a kind of holy father for the younger ministry. (First Baptist church in Providence was organized the same year.)

Let us now for a moment attempt to recall the scene that the little handful of pioneers looked out upon as they began their work of faith and labor of love in the patience of

hope. There is more in the landscape here that remains unchanged than would be true in an inland region. The same romantic charm hovers over these ocean shores that encircle the Bay. The sea gull still poises with white, shining breast and tapering wings over the purple sands. The mirage still plays over the distant prospect in the hazy air, while the noble ocean sweep from Manomet to the yellow hills of Truro is as glorious as in the days of old. The surf on yonder beach breaks in snowy foam and the spray is blown back by summer winds in the same youthful caprice of eternal freedom. The open marshes spread out their green, inviting bosom as they do to-day, inviting the mower to cut his unearned harvest and Lone Tree even then lifted itself as a landmark for the measuring lines of the first dwellers on the upland borders. All over the spot on which we stand to-day, stood heavier growths than any we now witness about us, of pine and oak and beech and birch, and perhaps also ash and walnut, for the soil had not been exhausted by unthrifty farming. And what is still more difficult for us to imagine, the Nobscussett, a mild type of Indian, under their sachem, Mashantampaigne, might have been seen anywhere by the adventurous stroller in Mattacheese, Hockonom or Nobscussett.

One of the earliest tasks in which their strong arms would be enlisted was the building of the meeting house, which was at the same time a fort, and was undoubtedly on the place known so long as Fort Hill, in the neighborhood of the ancient cemetery. It was not far from the marsh's edge, a log house, 30x40 feet, without glass, but in its stead oiled paper for windows, until the little diamond-shaped panes were introduced later on. There was no bell. Congregations were summoned on Sunday morning by beat of drum. The men and women sat apart, the men on the east and the women on the west side of the house; the boys in a place by themselves. At first every church had two ministers or elders. One did the preaching and administered the ordinances, and was the minister "par excellence." The other

was a teacher, explained the scriptures, and shared in the discipline of the church, of which there was a good deal more then there is now-a-days. The sermons were about an hour long and measured by an hour-glass on the pulpit. The children were catechised between the services at noon. Ainsworth's metrical translation of the Psalms was used for singing till about 1700, when the Bay Psalm Book, one of the earliest productions of their Puritan printing press at Cambridge, came unto general use in the churches. They had no instrumental music, and only about five tunes were sung by most congregations. These were York, Hackney, Windsor, St. Mary's and Martyrs. As the records of the first thirty-five years were destroyed by fire, we have to infer from the practice of other neighboring churches what was the probable fact here. The only means we have of getting at the male membership of this church is by consulting the Colony Record at Plymouth to ascertain who were free men and had the right to vote. But this is not quite accurate here. In the colonies of Massachusetts Bay and Connecticut it was the law that no one could become a freeman who was not in full communion with some church. But here it was only necessary to have a religious character. But, of course, in that day this was virtually the same. Our fathers had but little confidence in any character that, in their language, was not "orthodox in the fundamentals of religion." I am inclined now to fix the number of the original church at less than twenty, but the material, so far as we have the means of judging, was worthy of the Pilgrim name. They certainly had some excellent building stone for the foundation of a strong church. Mr. Anthony Thacher was the equal, if not the superior, of his pastor, both in ability and education. He had been with the Colony in Leyden, and suffered almost as many vicissitudes by land and sea as the hero of the Odyssey. His own letter to his brother Peter, describing his casting away off Cape Ann, on the island which has since borne his name, is full of natural pathos as it is of Christian faith. Whittier has told the story of the scene in

the musical lines of "The Swan Song of Parson Avery," his cousin who was with him and perished with his eight children. The deliverance of the one was no less fit a theme for the poet than the loss of the other. He was one of the most valuable members of this society, faithful in every position, representing the town for eleven years in the General Court at Plymouth. Mr. Thomas Howes, who settled in what is known as New Boston in Dennis, was scarcely less honored for his high character, not only in this town, but throughout the whole colony. His descendants have erected a granite shaft to his memory near his old family seat in Dennis. It is recorded to the praise of Mr. Andrew Hallet, another member and the first school-master, that he presented a cow to the poor of the town, which gift was properly recognized by the General Court in 1643. A donation of what would be valued now at $300 reflected honor upon the church of which he was a member. To these as specimen bricks, I must add the name of Richard Sears, the "Pilgrim" as he is sometimes called, whose massive monument of granite stands in the ancient cemetery yonder, and a picture of it hangs in this church. He came over with the last of the Leyden congregational, ten years after the first landing at Plymouth, and took up his residence here in 1613, settling at Sesuit, or East Dennis. For twenty-three years he identified himself with the Yarmouth church, honored by public office as often as he was willling to accept it. Marrying Dorothy Thacher, a sister of Anthony, the descendants in both lines have reason to be proud of their Pilgrim stock. It was such as these of whom President Porter used this language in tracing the sources of character in one of the noblest of the children of this church (Dr. Joseph Eldridge): "Cape Cod has been known for many generations as a nursery of men distinguished for high professional ability, for commercial enterprise, for large-hearted philanthrophy and for self-sacrificing piety. The neighborhood of the sea, with its suggestions of infinitude, with its restless motion and its stirring life, with the coming and going of its ships (bringing

strange faces and various products, with its stories of adventure and escape), tends to liberalize and elevate and stimulate the mind and to ennoble the character when it takes a good direction. In devout men it gives ardor and breadth and generosity and openness to their piety, and devout women are trained by their frequent separation from their husbands to a constant sense of dependence on God, to a fervent faith in prayer, and to habits of self-reliance, circumspection and forecast."

These are specimens of such as we happen to know a little better than the rest. It is to be regretted that we have no records whatever of the lives of the women who equally with the men bore the brunt of the hardship of those earliest years. With the descendants of John Alden and the thrifty Priscilla among us to this day, it would be gratifying to have some definite memorials of the mothers that brightened the homes of the new comers — for it is love that transfigures the toils and privations of any lot, and casts a roseate glory over the dreariest landscape, gilding with hope ever so uncertain a future.

The three earliest ministers may be spoken of together, as they were all born and bred on the other side of the sea and brought to their task the discipline derived from their Puritan experience. The first was Mr. Marmaduke Matthews, the Welchman, the man of ardent temperament, eloquent, though not always logical or worldly-wise. There is no good evidence that he was essentially unsound in his teachings, though he was complained of to the General Court, as were both of his successors. He probably let fall, as he says, some "weak and inconvenient expressions," for which he humbly apologized and promised to avoid all appearance of such evil afterwards. So judicious a writer as Nathaniel Morton would not have pronounced him to be an able gospel preacher, in a day when they did not fling about flattering titles as readily as now, if he had been thought unequal to or unfit for his position. Mr. John Miller, his successor, had trouble from the same free-thinking element,

making it necessary to call a large council in 1647, but even so the trouble was only quieted; the difficulty was not rooted out. Twenty years later it would appear to have been the same element that endeavored to prevent the settlement of Mr. Thos. Thornton, one of those godly and painful ministers who had been silenced by the act of uniformity in 1662. This time the matter was thoroughly sifted by the Governor and assistants, and the minister was completely exonerated, and the malcontents severely reproved. From that time to this, I believe this church has never been seriously disturbed by divisions. It may have been that the latter troubles were owing to some extent to the execution of the new law passed in 1657, laying a tax upon the inhabitants of each town for the support of the minister. Two years before, 1655, they had empowered the magistrates to "use all gentle means to upbraid all delinquents to do their duty therein," with authority to use other means at their discretion with such as "resist through plain obstinacy against an ordinance of God." Now "distresse was to be made" on such as refuse to pay, and as there appear to have been a number of free-thinking settlers here from the very outset, this may have made the trouble more violent. Against Mr. Miller and Mr. Thornton nothing could have been alleged derogatory to their services or character. They were conspicuous for high character and superior education, and the work they did was in every way worthy of them. They stood on a level with the best of their cotemporaries in the pulpits of the old colony, and it might be said of them as in the quaint lines of a poet of one of them (John Cotton):

"A living, breathing Bible—tables, where
Both covenants at large engraven were;
Gospel and law in his heart had each its column;
His head an index to the sacred volume;
His very name a title page; and next
His life a very commentary on the text.
O, what monument of glorious worth
When in a new edition he comes forth!
Without erratas, may we think he'll be
In leaves and covers of eternity."

And now let us glance rapidly at the forms of truth that were held forth in this church in the first decades of its history. It is an undoubted fact that there were no formal confessions of faith for many years in these churches. They were united by a covenant that set forth the essentials of Christianity. When persons united with the church they made public avowal of their Christian experience. Even the churches at their first gathering had no formal creeds, but they began to be adopted by one after another after a few years. New England theology in the seventeenth century was largely moulded by three synods. The first, in 1637, at Cambridge had reference to the antinomian heresy. The second, in 1648, at the same place, formulated what was known as the Cambridge Platform. The third, in 1662, discussed chiefly the question of the subjects of baptism and introduced the Half-way covenant. We associate the Westminister Catechism with the earliest years, but though that was the substance of their teaching it did not take form till seven years after the founding of this church, and was not adopted for many years after. Those were turbulent times in the churches of the mother country. The long Parliament began in 1640 and Cromwell was making a great stir with his Ironsides on the bloody fields of Marston Moor and Naseby. It was only four years after that the Solemn League and Covenant was ratified in Edinburgh, cementing the Scotch and English Protestants for the overthrow of the Stuarts in England. But all this time the Pilgrim exiles were shut up as in a pavilion far from the strife. They "had had no defence," as Mather said, "neither beak nor claw, but a flight over the ocean." And here they were doing their quiet work of building while the struggle for liberty was going on among their brethren in the old home. But their creed was essentially that of Calvin. The doctrine around which all others revolved was the sovereignty of God. Predestination was its corner stone. They emphasized the contrast of sin and grace, and fought antinomianism with energy, and considered the church as no mere human organization,

for the Lord God himself was its Head. Their ideal of government was a theocracy, and the magistrate was the medium of executing God's will. When carrying out God's authority the utmost deference was to be paid to those in authority. There was a stern aspect to their teaching and their characters, but, as Fronde says, "for hard times hard men are needed." They had undertaken a mighty task and felt that the Almighty Ruler of the Universe was behind them. They were intolerant, always on the watch for heresy, regarding it as an "ill egg that might hatch a cockatrice," but why should they not dread and defend themselves from that which had been the cause of all their trouble? Heresy as they understood it was their deadly antagonist. It was simply a question which should hold the ground. Yet it is to the honor of the churches of the old colony that they were never rigid in their treatment of those who differed from them. "To the Plymouth Colony," says Dr. Dexter, "belongs the proud pre-eminence of a catholicity of feeling and a moderation of rule far in advance of its nearest contemporary colony."

I should be glad to photograph the men and women who were the makers of this ancient church. We are very apt to idealize them and picture them as colossal characters, and project into them a grandeur they knew nothing of. Theirs was the simple, rude pioneer life, of the same nature as the Western frontiersmen of to-day — only these have a model to work from just behind them, but they, as the Plymouth poet said the other day,

"They had no model, but they left us one."

Perhaps we should rub off a little of the glamour if we looked in on them in their round hats, blouses and short clothes, doublet and hose. The women with their homespun dresses, without a waist and gathered only at the neck, and their wooden-heeled shoes. How rude their surroundings! There is no paint or paper on the rooms. Not even the small diamond-shaped glass, set in lead, at first, in their houses. Their trencher shelves display only pewter ware,

and near by, the iron candlestick, the ink-horn, Bible and hymn book. They have no clocks, but reckon their time by the sun dial on a post in front of the house. The men who had been brought up to more refined pursuits at home did not scruple to cut salt grass on the marsh or turn their hand to thatching the meeting-house. They had come into the wilderness to lay foundations, and their sturdy character had no element of daintiness in it. The demands of the outer man come first, and it was in these homely ways that they were making way for something outwardly noble, and like Saul, while searching for the asses they found a kingdom. They believed in hard work as a means of grace, and had no room for any drones in their hive. The two articles of their living creed were — work and worship. There was no nonsense about them. In the language of the day we should say they meant business. This was seen in their coming to meeting on Sunday, at the beginning, with their guns. They saw no incongruity in praying to God and shooting an Indian marauder on the way home. If any one denied the Scriptures to be a rule of life he was to receive corporal punishment at the hands of the magistrate (1655). Two men were fined ten shillings each for disturbance at the Yarmouth meeting house, and others five shillings, for smoking tobacco "at the end of the meeting house on the Lord's day in time of exercise." These are only waymarks.

They were builders more than fighters. They were rearing a commonwealth and at the same time they were carrying the gospel to the pagan Indians. For many years the southern side of this town was an Indian reservation, and it was the favorite work of these churches to bring them to the truth of the gospel. This was begun in Mr. Miller's ministry and carried forward with much success by Mr. Thornton, when there were said to be one hundred and ninety-one praying Indians in town, under two native teachers. In 1765 there were six wigwams in Yarmouth, belonging to the church and congregation at Potnumecutt. So, while missionary work was not formally organized for many years

after, this church seems to have been forward in inaugurating such a mission and carrying it out to a successful result.

But while such an enterprise as this indicates that the church had a true idea of their mission as an evangelizing agency here, it was not in such fields that its greatest value is seen. The essential service of a church is seen in the inspiration it givest o thc life of the community, intellectual, social, political and religious. This church, like so many others of those earlier days, was the centre of the best intellectual life of the people.

In the catechetical instruction of the children on Sunday noons, (1694) was a training of great importance. So it was also the social centre, for meetings of the people were very rare, except on Sunday at the church. A living historian has said that "the church in its spiritual work, the church in its intellectual work, the church in its work with the sword, with the plough and with the axe is the soul and spirit of all true civilization, of all true liberty, of all true knowledge."

One of the best illustrations of the truth of this wide-reaching statement is a glance at the history of a single local church like this, through all the vicissitudes of its life. It is a geologic section. It was the church that was the bracing power in those trying days when they were laying foundations. It was the church that inspired to public duty. The church went forward and stood behind all the great enterprises of the day. In the French and Indian war of 1744 the pastors were among the first to go forth to the field. It was the church that held the people to the task of working out freedom by the revolution. "The principle of freedom," says Dr. Stubbs, of Oxford, "was brought into the world and proclaimed and made possible by the church." The contributions of the east and west precincts in 1774 for the suffering citizens of Boston of £5 and £7 respectively, though not exclusively from the churches, were due to the high motives they inculcated. So the committee chosen in January, 1775, "to see that all the resolves of the Continental Congress be adhered to" had a deacon in its membership. In raising

money to purchase arms and ammunition "in this distressing day," as they call it, they needed and had the stimulus of religion to steady their resistance to tyranny. The same power was active as soon as the war was over in reviving the interests of education that had necessarily languished in the meanwhile, and was among the very earliest to arouse to the need of a temperance reform, being the second in the state to organize for the prevention of intemperance (1817). And then last of all, and most important of all, is the sending forth of its sons and daughters into all the land, to carry with them the Puritan ideas and Puritan characters, to mould the institutions of our country in harmony with the work of the fathers.

It is for such a career as this, now slightly outlined, that the children of the ancient church recognize her worth and gladly meet to do her honor on such an occasion as this. In the ongoing of our common life the past is soon forgotten. All that is real to us is what is going on now. The men and women of old and their work is visionary and far away; but, after all, the essential and permanent experiences were the same then as now. The words of Mr. Lowell, with a slight change, I can use to-day of the church:

"Eight generations come and gone
From silence to oblivion,
With all their noisy strife and stress,
Lulled in the graves' forgivingness:
While you unquenchably survive
Immortal, almost more alive."

You recall the legend of the seven sleepers of Ephesus. In a field, in the neighborhood of the city, a quarry was opened on the side of a mountain, some time in the fifth century. As they worked on they came to a cavern with its opening filled up with a pile of stones. As they took them away, they were surprised by the leaping up of a dog from within. Finding their way in, they saw just waking up from sleep, seven young men of such a strange appearance that they were frightened and ran away. But the young men

coming to their appetite sent one of their number into the city to buy something to eat. Everything was new to him. He and his companions had been driven away only yesterday, as he thought, by the persecutors, but he could not recognize what he saw. Seeing two soldiers coming, he hid himself and was struck with their fantastic uniform and unintelligible dialect. From the high ground he could look into the city, and, strange to say, the great temple of Diana was gone. When he came into the city streets everything was new. The people, the shops, the costumes of the passers-by — all sights and sounds were like those of a foreign land. When he offered his coin at a baker's shop, he was suspected, placed under arrest and taken to the city court. There he tells his story, that he, with a company of Christians, had hid themselves in a cave to escape persecution under the Emperor Decius. Their persecutors had followed them and built up the entrance to the cave, thinking to bury them alive, and this morning the stirring of the stones by some kind stranger, had wakened them, and they had come out to find necessary food. And then the reality was reported to them, that it was *two hundred years* since Decius died. Things had undergone great changes since then. Christianity was the ruling religion now, and they were living under the protection of the Christian Emperor, Theodosius. And when the clergy of Ephesus were conducted to the cave, they heard from the lips of the rest the story of their times, and having told it they gave their parting blessing to the listeners, and sunk into the sleep which knows no waking. So it has appeared to me if the fathers of the first century of this church were to appear to us of the third, there would be as much that would seem strange to them and even more. What different roads they would find in place of the soft sand they labored toilsomely through! How the sound of the railroad whistle would astonish them, and the rushing of the train at lightning speed over the meadows and through the hills! What would they make of the telegraph wires that stretch along by it, and the fact that not only from town to

town, but round the globe messages are transmitted with a rapidity they never dreamed of? Still more would they wonder to learn that the four little colonies huddled in small centres on the Atlantic shore had expanded across the continent and spread along the Pacific through the width of the zone, and the handful of believers of all denominations had become more then twenty millions. I fancy they would stand aghast at the changes that had come over the spirit of the churches. They would think that the tolerance and liberality of these times was but a letting down the bars to all license of thinking and living; that the Sabbath they guarded so jealously was well-nigh wrecked by a return to the standard of the pleasure-loving multitudes from which they recoiled. And yet in their deep sympathy with the vital spirit of Christianity for which they stood, they would recognize the consecration of the church to-day to large, benevolent and missionary effort on the wide fields of the nation and the world, as only an outgrowth of the same spirit that led them to abandon friends and country to plant the kingdom of God in this howling wilderness. And so with the first superficial surprise once over they would find that in the great essentials of the spiritual life the church of the seventeenth was one with the church of the nineteenth century. It is only the forms that have changed, not the spirit; and though they would seem as strange to us as we would have seemed to them, it is only the strangeness that is inevitable in the different stages of the same life.

On a day like this, we seem to be given a glimpse from the highlands of the spiritual life. The richest and tenderest experiences of by-gone times come hovering back once more. We have gathered about the spiritual hearthstone of the generations. We almost feel the presence of the unseen throng of worshippers who gather with us here. The fathers live again and we are one with them in prayer and psalm. We are ascending on the same ladder to their God, and our God. The tender silence vibrates with the pulses of their spirits. Feet that once reverently walked these aisles, and

others these have replaced, now tread the golden pavements of the New Jerusalem, and their prayers still float in benedictions above us. How they seem to draw towards us in closer fellowship as to-day we gather around the table of our Lord, who amid all the mutations of this earthly life is the same yesterday, to-day and forever! The old and the new are all one in the hallowed fervors of worship.

"Saints parted by a thousand years
May here in heart embrace."

And now one closing word for the present outlook. This church and those that have grown out of it — in nearer or remoter relations, and some of different shades of faith and forms of worship — are in an important sense the result of what the past has been. There is an unbroken continuity of life thrugh all the stages of the history. Hardly a feature of the early life can be touched without awakening some chord in the present. Most important of them is the fact that the old church life has been in touch with the great movements of the times all the way. The present paramount duty is still to keep in working relations with the Christianity of our day, inspiring and promoting every movement that looks to the upbuiling of the one immovable kingdom. We need no elixir of life from any foreign source injected into the veins of the church to rejuvenate its energies. It is for us only to continue to drink deep of the same fountains of Divine life out of which came the Christian Church, and which animated the founders of the church to carry on with strength and success the work they have left us. And when all the milleniums shall have completed their round, and all the links of the chain are complete at last, "unto Him be the glory in the church and in Christ Jesus unto all generations forever and ever. Amen."

At the conclusion of the sermon, all were requested, as far as possible, to remain at the communion service, which was participated in by members of all the various churches of the two towns. The occasion was a very tender and im-

pressive one. The remarks of Dr. Taylor in reference to those who had gone on before us were very happy and it was felt to be promotive of genuine Christian unity thus to ignore for once all denominational distinction in remembrance of a common Lord.

The social hour in the vestry was agreeably passed, the guests consisting almost entirely of those who had come from a distance. At 3 o'clock the church was again packed to its utmost capacity for the more informal exercises of the second service. The pulpit was occupied by Rev. Dr. Taylor, Rev. C. A. Bradley, Rev. L. P. Atwood, Rev. George W. Osgood, Rev. G. I. Ward and the Pastor. After singing, and prayer by the Rev. Mr. Bradley of the Universalist church, the pastor, Rev. John W. Dodge, spoke the following

WORDS OF WELCOME.

My Dear Friends:

It gives me pleasure, in behalf of this ancient church, on the quarter-millenial anniversary of her birth, to welcome the children and grand-children to their old church home. She may say with the patriarch Jacob, "with my staff I passed over this Jordan and now I am become two bands." The little church of less than a score, that planted itself by yonder shore two hundred and fifty years ago, has expanded into ten communions, living harmoniously side by side within the old territorial limits. As a ray of light is decomposed by the prism into its constituent colors, so the one faith has developed here into seven different forms as it has passed through the prism of time. It may be that such a disintegration was inevitable under the given conditions. It may require all these various conceptions to give us the complete idea. It is at least a high satisfaction that representing, as we do, diverse sections of the one army of Christ, we are moving on harmoniously together. We recognize a common standard — the Bible, and one glorious leader, — Jesus Christ. In earlier days it was hardly to be expected that separations from the family, the one recognized standing order, should have been made with entire good-feeling, But the softening influences of time have healed whatever asperities may have existed. We have learned to agree to disagree and accord to each other mutual sincerity and honesty. I trust it will be one result of this occasion to cement the bond of Christian charity, to render our relations together as children

of one Heavenly Father and fellow-disciples of a common Lord more cordial than ever.

This a is glad day for the grandmother church. She is in her happiest mood, for this is the greatest occasion in all her history. She has donned her wedding gown and has her best cap on; she meets you as you gather round the ancestral hearth with her heartiest greetings. To express these greetings she calls upon one of her most beloved sons, who has returned to honor this occasion and manifest his loyalty to the church of his fathers. The grandson of Rev. Timothy Alden, for about sixty years the pastor of this church, will convey the greetings to the children and grandchildren. I have the pleasure to introduce Rev. Dr. Jeremiah Taylor, of Boston.

Then followed the Address of Greeting to the Children and Grandchildren of the Ancient Church, by Rev. Jeremiah Taylor, D. D.

THE ADDRESS OF GREETING.

Fathers and Mothers, Brothers and Sisters, Members and Representatives of this Church of the Centuries,—

Greetings: — It is a happy circumstance, that the inward thought and the outward occasion suggest alike, that our greetings must needs be the expression of overflowing gratitude, first, that this Mother Church has had the grace of continuance to this favored hour.

In the beginning, planted on the foundation of the Apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief Corner Stone, she has never swerved from the faith of the fathers. "Never dragged the anchor of her youth." We see her to-day amid these services so high and holy, not only invested with the love, honor and reverence which come from rolling suns, as the years have been prolonged, but also, as clothed upon with those robes of righteousness and truth, which constitute the real, the noblest maturity.

This is the more to be emphasized as we remember the times of conflict and peril which have been abroad. The period in Ecclesiastical History covered by the century beginning with 1740 and ending with 1840, was one most momentous, especially to the churches of New England.

Many of those churches, started as was this, in doctrine and consecration, have passed from sight or are maintaining another gospel. Even here, as in the house of the Interpreter, where the Christian Pilgrim saw such wonders unfolded, the

force of destructive agencies was vigorously abroad for a season, but grace furnished the needful supply, and the holy flame of the altar fire was not extinguished.

To those who have received this precious, saving faith, which has been taught and exemplified here all these years, what more appropriate than the refrain of the Psalm which has constituted the sacred lesson of the hour, "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the children of men? "Let them exalt him also in the congregation of the people and praise him in the assembly of the elders."

Next, we may bring our joyful greeting, that this church has been favored with such a ministry. Thirteen pastors have been the leaders and teachers of this flock of God, from the beginning.

The historical discourses given by the present pastor in 1873, present an admirable portrait of these worthies as they have been about their Father's business in this field of labor during successive periods of its cultivation.

And while not divested of human infirmities, endowed with different gifts, and toiling with varying success, not one failed to do well. The demands of the time were faithfully met, the labor done, — that of a true and honored servant of the Lord. It is a great thing, — a matter of abiding joy, if when running the lines of family ancestry back through generations gone, there appears not one individual through whom our blood has descended who has left the taint of shame or crime. Every face that beams upon us from the shadowy past being lovely; every life, pure, exalted; every name good, better than precious ointment.

Oh! how we compass the world at every point, if we have been so begotten, and never have sold our birth-right! You who constitute the family of God here, actually or as representatives of the great and noble past, have no occasion to blush as you recall the name of your religious teachers. In lip and life they have been examples worthy of imitation. There is hope of all the dead that they are crowned with Christ, there is assurance of those living, that they are walking closely with God, — those who have begotten you in the Lord as a right royal spiritual seed. You who are old may say with another:

"My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth,
But higher far my proud pretensions rise
The sons of parents passed into the skies."

Again, we greet you, because there has descended to you through the character and conduct of this church and ministry such a heritage of peace. That is an interesting, and as the subsequent events have shown, a prophetic picture of the ministry and people given in the historical statement already referred to, that during the first eighteen years of the life of this church, no legal acts had been passed in General Court bearing on the support of the ministry, "for such was the good will of the people and such was the zeal of the ministry and the devotion of the people, that no legal contracts have been necessary between them." And when subsequently legal requirements came into use there was manifested no disposition to make them hard and rigid arbitrators of right, but rather the handmaids of love and tender thoughtfulness. It has interested me much as I have learned the method pursued when the new parish, subsequently called Dennis, was formed. The meeting-house was builded, the pastor had his choice to go with the new congregation or remain with the old. The view taken of the situation was rational, wise, kind, benevolent. The widening population demanded the new organization and place of worship, and so all things were made contributary to its prosperity. As from the old home-stead the mother sends forth her daughter to her new home, with the heartiest benediction, seeing in the change the beloved child's best good, so in these new relations of church life a no less harmonious and benevolent movement resulted in the formation of the West Church. And the blessing of the Lord descended copiously upon the people in preparation for the happy result. Of the way in which the several other churches have sprung up, bearing different names, and fulfilling their chosen mission, we have time only to say this, that the mother heartily rejoices in all the good her children may be doing, and will be the first to grieve when the shadow of a suspicion may arise that wrong things are being subserved. Though she esteems most highly the precept, first pure, then peaceable, yet her charity is broad and kind, as all you will testify who have lived in these neighboorhood relations, and have come up hither in joyfulness this day. "Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God."

If I have discovered aright the spirit of this foster mother, as her children have gone out from her embrace these many years, it is voiced in the words:

"When we asunder part
It gives us inward pain,
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again."

Our greetings would be very incomplete, here and now, if we leave in the background the responsible and solemn inheritance of religious work, which has been bequeathed to those who constitute the life of to-day.

It will not do to think and speak only of the past — the fathers who now sleep — the great and good labors they have done. We ascend to the mountain top to face the east as well as the west. To exult in the glories of coming as well as setting day.

All true success in life is a force to urge us on to greater things in the future. Shame to those children who come into possesion of a rich paternal estate, and misimprove and squander it. "Walk about Zion and go round about her: tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks; consider her palaces, that ye may tell it to the generations following. For this God is our God for ever and ever, he will be our guide even unto death."

No period in the centuries gone equalled this, in the opportunities afforded, and the claims presented for entire devotion and vigorous service in bringing this world to Christ.

"We are living, we are dwelling
In a grand and awful time;
In an age on ages telling--
To be living is sublime."

Do we to-day set up a stone in this way of the centuries and call it Ebenezer, saying, "Hitherto hath the Lord blessed us?" Let us add to the inscription in all its breadth of meaning, "But as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." See that ye walk worthy of your high vocation, brethren.

As a final word, — Let us be lifted up to a lofty conception of that eternal life which is the future inheritance of the church of God. Never is my heart more thankful for the doctrine of life and immortality as revealed in the gospel, than when standing amid the monuments of the buried past. "The fathers, where are they, and the prophets, do they live forever?"

Our eyes to-day look over the broad landscape, bounded by the horizon of two hundred and fifty years. What do we see? Not the multitude of people who have been here, but a few only, the representatives of the many, and the graves

of the rest. And in a few brief years all the living of to-day will be numbered with the dead. The drifting sands which flit along the streets, the waves of the restless sea which wash the shore, seem more permanent than human life. It is the institutions of influence and power, which abide while the builders perish from the light, as in the coral islands of ocean. How many houses here are older then those who live in them! We look beyond these fields so desolate from the ravages of sin and death, and are transported to fairer climes as we read these assuring words: "For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality: so when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying, death is swallowed up in victory." "For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and with the trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we ever be with the Lord."

Wherefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

The Anniversay Hymn (as given on page 14) was then sung by choir and congregation.

As the oldest daughter of the church, is the church in Dennis, the first response was by Mr. Joshua C. Howes, a member of the Union church of Dennis, who spoke as follows:

ADDRESS OF MR. JOSHUA C. HOWES.

While other churches are represented by their ministers, it may be well to explain why the church in the old East Precinct is represented by laymen. The facts are, that our minister is in the condition of the man spoken of in the scriptures who was invited to a feast, who excused himself by saying, he had married a wife and therefore could not come. It has already been stated, that in the settlement of this territory, the church preceded the town. And that the church being established, the town was organized partly with the view to its support. So was it here — the church preceded the town in Old Yarmouth, and the church preceded the town in the

East Precinct. When the East Precinct was established, those dwelling upon the borders of the line were permitted to choose into which precinct they should go, and as the person took with him the property he owned for purposes of taxation — there were no straight lines of division — but lines followed the course of different lots of real estate as the case might be. When Yarmouth was divided and Dennis set off, the precinct line was made the town line. Hence the very crooked division line between the towns to this day.

The need of extra accommodation had become so great in 1721 that a meeting-house had been built in the East Precinct, now Dennis, which was afterwards enlarged, and which I well remember. It was a building about 50 x 65 feet in size, with a two-story porch upon the south side, through which entrance was gained to both auditorium and galleries, which extended to three sides of the building. There was a broad aisle through the centre, from entrance to the pulpit which stood up high, and nearly on a level with the galleries, so that the preacher talked down to the people, which was the idea prevailing between pastor and people in that age. A line of pews about eight feet square followed the wall on each side from the main entrance to the pulpit, and the centre was taken up by two blocks of pews, one on each side of the broad aisle, entrance to which was gained by the broad aisle and a narrow aisle between the centre and the wall pews. On the west side, and directly in front of the pulpit, were three long seats for the old men. And what venerable old men they were to my youthful eyes! Veritable pictures of "Old Time" in the primer. But an examination of the records found upon their gravestones, shows that they died mostly between sixty and seventy years of age, several of them at fifty-eight. In those days energy and effort was needed to bring people to church, for they came long distances, from East Dennis, South Dennis and West Dennis. At one time I was associated with one of the Baxter family of West Dennis on the board of selectmen. I see the other associate now before me. Capt. Baxter told me then a great deal of his travels down to the old meeting-house on the Sabbath. In summer the family would take a boat at their house, and row to the head of Follins Pond, and foot it from there to the old meeting-house, and after hearing two long sermons, running into the seventeenthly, would return as they came.

There were no carriages in that day, at least what we now call carriages. There may have been carts or other vehi-

cles for horses, but I think not. Work was done with oxen. I can remember the first carriage owned in my section of Dennis. But there were a few horses, and those who could afford them come from long distances on horseback, the man in the saddle, and the mother or daughter behind, on a pillion. It was a common thing to change on the way, two riding part of the way ahead, and then dismount, tie the horse and travel on, when others, as agreed, on arriving to the horse, would mount and travel to overtake the first and so on. There were no fires in the church, and no means of heating, so through the intermission at noon, for the purpose of getting warm in winter, and in the summer from habit and association, those from far away visited neighboring houses. My father's house being one of the nearest, was always filled with these people, whose features and manners I well remember, and as I was the youngest of the family, a small boy, I was the recipient of many a slice of the Sunday cake, or a nice red apple from the Sunday lunch bag, which I as well remember as any other feature of the visits. If there was time I should like to describe to you these old people as they appeared to me then. There were Searses, Chapmans, Crowells, Bakers, Baxters, Taylors, Halls and many others — but there is not time.

The first settled minister over the East Precinct was Josiah Dennis. This was in 1763 and his term of service was thirty-six years. (He may have preached here before his settlement.) He was much esteemed by the people, so much so that when it became a town, it took its name from him. We have now at our church the communion cup, one hundred and fifty years old or more, upon which is the inscription — "The gift of J. Dennis." At one time there came a man to the place who claimed some relationship to Mr. Dennis, and he asked us to give him the cup as a family memento, and he thought us lacking in generosity and kindness when we refused. Our regard for the memory of the giver, and the many good Christians long since gone to their eternal rest, who had drank from it, forbade our doing so, and we have it still.

After him came Nathan Stone, who labored forty years. Then Caleb Holmes, eight years. These died and were buried in the parish burying ground. Next came Joseph Haven, twelve years. He was the first minister of which I have recollection. He was a worthy man, and I observed him with awe and veneration. He had a son, Joseph, two years

older then myself — since professor at Amherst — known by some of the clergy here present. We were in the same class at school, and I have to acknowledge, he was a better scholar than myself. Probably possessed a better intellect, and had more help in his studies at home. We used to play together more or less, as our homes were near, but he was limited in his plays as he was a minister's son, and at that period that meant a great deal.

After Mr. Haven came Daniel M. Stearns in 1826, whose service was for twelve years, and he was the last settled minister of the old church.

During Mr. Haven's ministry dissensions arose in church and society and out of them the call to Mr. Stearns was made, who was of Unitarian proclivities. Thereupon a split took place and a new organization was formed by those of a more orthodox faith. This church held their meetings for a while in the Masonic Hall. Subsequently the hall was sold, moved, and converted into a dwelling house, and a new church was built on the site of the Hall. This is the church now standing, and occupied by the Union Church Society. The Unitarian branch not to be outdone, sold the old meeting-house, and erected a new one on the same lot, both churches being built at one and the same time. About this time, or just before, the Methodists formed a church under the name or order of Reformed Methodist, and they also built a meeting-house, or as one of their number called it "a little praying-house." There was also a number of Universalists holding their meetings in the school-house. Soon there was a division among the Methodists, who had meantime changed to the Wesleyan order, and a new church was started under the Episcopal organization. For a meeting-house, they fitted up what was a store, which was often spoken of after as the "gospel shop."

Thus it will be seen, we had three meeting-houses built especially for that purpose, one temporary meeting-house, and a school-house, all running at one time. But the zeal sufficient to keep all these organizations in good working order was not to last. The Universalists after a length of time were absorbed by the Unitarians, or went elsewhere. The Methodist joined hands and resources. The Unitarians waned, weakened, and finally sold their meeting-house to be moved and used for other purposes. And then there came the consummation of the present state of affairs — the sale by the Methodists of their church building, which is now

Carlton Hall, and the union of all elements of religious faith and tendencies into a society known as the Dennis Union Religious Society, for the support and maintenance of religious services, and the union of all those of evangelical faith into a church known as the Union Church of Christ in Dennis. We are restored to the original condition. One church, one people. There are no disagreements or discords among us that are harmful. We dwell and labor together in peace and harmony, and though there may be differences in opinions, I think we all agree, that the old golden rule "whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," is the best rule to live by, and that that person who lives the purest life, and at the same time is the most useful, is the happiest person here, and has no overshadowing cause to be anxious about the life hereafter.

I thank you in behalf of the old East Precinct for your kind reception and entertainment.

I thank you for this opportunity of uniting with the old church in celebrating and commemorating its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary.

May God bless the old church, and all its several branches.

Capt. Thomas P. Howes, a member of the parish of the same society, was invited to add his own reminiscences of the past and spoke as follows:

ADDRESS OF MR. THOMAS P. HOWES.

My Friends: —

I owe it to the kindness of the pastor of this Church that I have the privilege of speaking here to-day. I come with something of the feeling of a pilgrim to the shrine of his ancestors. I am embarrassed at the thought of the solemnity of the occasion, and of the audience I am to address. A descendant of that historic pair, worthy John Alden and sweet Priscilla Mullins, is here to-day. And we have Doctors of Divinity and other men eminent for learning, before whom I am to speak.

So it is, I am filled with a sense of my own weakness and temerity in attempting to give utterance to what is in my mind to say. When the suggestion was first made to celebrate the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of this ancient church, I was much interested in having the thought carried out; and now we are blessed with a splendid day and a beautiful sanctuary. My imagination at this hour goes

back to the founders of this church, two of whom were my own ancestors. They labored and builded, and we have entered into their labors. Great is the contrast between their days and ours, between their meeting house and ours. They walked and rode miles from the eastern part of the town to attend church; we have no such sacrifice to make. Comfort and luxury are ours, where they had hardship and penury. But I am invited to speak for the old East Precint of Yarmouth, now Dennis.

Rev. Josiah Dennis, every one knows, was our first minister. The first meeting to arrange for parish organization was held on the last day of February 1721–2, when twenty-six freeholders met at the house of Nathaniel Howes. The house where this meeting occurred was standing until quite recently. Rev. Josiah Dennis was called in 1725, but not ordained until 1727. Mr. Dennis was a man of learning and high standing among the ministry of his day. The town was named for him and thereby honored itself by thus hallowing his memory. That he was a person of strong individuality is shown by the many stories told of him. I have had in my possession two short notes of his written to my great-grandfather; they did not refer to any important matters. One was in reference to the purchase of salt hay, which he remarked was in good demand, and the other concerned the loaning of a newspaper, which was a rare treasure in those days. The dates on which they were written were 1758–9.

There is a pretty little romance handed down by tradition, relating to his early ministry. It seems that he formed an attachment for one Miss Thankful Howes, a daughter of Lieut. Jonathan Howes, one of the leading men of the East Precinct. An engagement was made, and the young lady went to Boston to attend school and become fitted for the pastor's wife. Unfortunately she fell sick and died and was buried in Boston. How Mr. Dennis received the news we are not told, but years afterwards when the brother of his *fiance*, Mr. David Howes, had a daughter born, Mr. Dennis called to see the babe, with a string of gold beads to put around the child's neck. The gift of the beads was attended by the request, that the child should be named "Thankful," after his deceased love, and the beads be handed down to successive generations of Thankful. The beads are still the property of a descendant of Thankful Howes. Mr. Dennis became the husband of two wives subsequently, but always retained a tenderness for his early love. He once told a broth-

er of this young woman that he never went to Boston without visiting her grave. Such was his constancy. Many anecdotes are related of his mirthful disposition. His fondness for having his joke he shared with many of the early ministers; one or two have rather an irreverent sound. On one occasion he exchanged with the minister at Eastham; it happened to be at the season when the seamen were about sailing on their whaling voyages. On entering the pulpit he found quite a collection of notes from persons "desiring prayers," being bound to sea; the names seemed to run mostly as "Cooks" and "Cobbs." Mr. Dennis looked them over and gathered them in his hand, as he arose to commence service, and held them out, saying as he did so: — "Here are a parcel of Cooks and Cobbs, who desire the prayers of this church and congregation, being bound to sea." One can imagine the smile that spread over the faces of his congregation at this announcement. Mr. Dennis was the beloved minister of the East Parish for thirty-seven years, and died in all the odor of sanctity, lamented as one who had guided his people with integrity of heart, and uprightness of character.

To him succeeded the Rev. Nathan Stone. He was son of Rev. Nathan Stone of Southborough and grandson of the Rev. Nathaniel Stone of Harwich, now Brewster. He was ordained in 1764, his venerable father, of Southborough, preaching the ordination sermon. Mr. Stone was a worthy successor to Mr. Dennis. He belonged to a ministerial line and illustrated the virtues of his lineage. His pastorate of the East Parish extended from 1764 to 1804, a period of forty years. It included the Revolutionary era, the division of Yarmouth and the formation of the Federal Government. It witnessed the departure of many families from his parish to regions farther West, and a consequent weakening of his pastoral charge.

Mr. Stone was the preacher to the generation to which my father belonged, and many are the conversations I have listened to, where Mr. Stone was the topic. I judge the preachers of his day were somewhat formal in their pulpit exercises. The sermons were intellectual propositions to be argued and proved; the prayers were a set of phrases repeated every Sabbath, so that a person coming in during prayer time could tell how far along the prayer had progressed. But still I have no doubt many souls were strengthened by the preaching of Mr. Stone and his word was as a live coal to their hearts. He died 1804 esteemed and mourned

by the people of his charge and the church of which he was a distinguished ornament.

The Rev. Caleb Holmes was our next minister. He was ordained in 1805. I remember reading an account of the ordination exercises many years ago. The charge was given by the Rev. Oakes Shaw of Barnstable, father of the late Judge Shaw. The right hand of fellowship was presented by Rev. Jotham Waterman of Barnstable. The Rev. Mr. Shaw urged the young preacher "to preach Christ, and much of Christ, and him crucified." Mr. Waterman said "When James, Peter and John perceived that Paul and Barnabas had received the faith, they gave unto them the right hand of fellowship, in remembrance of which, my dear brother, I now present you this right hand, and welcome you into the gospel vineyard, and a rich harvest of souls unto Christ." Mr. Holmes's short ministry was acceptable to his people and he retained a loving place in their memories; he died 1813 and lies buried with his predecessors, Mr. Stone and Mr. Dennis, in our cemetery.

The Rev. Joseph Haven was ordained in 1814 as successor to Mr. Holmes. In due time he married his predecessor's widow. Mr. Haven I remember well; a tall, grave, dignified man, devout, sincere and conscientious in all his dealings; he commended himself to the community as one who adorned the Christian ministry. During his ministry the great revival of 1821-22 occurred, the result of which was much division of sentiment on doctrinal questions, the advent of Methodism for one thing, and subsequently the division of the society. It was a time of high religious excitement, and exaltation of spiritual feeling. My father was converted in 1822, and was soon after chosen one of the Deacons of the church and held the office until his death in 1832.

Being trained up to attend church every Sunday, and frequent exchanging of pulpits being the custom, it so happens that I can remember nearly all the clergymen who were settled in Barnstable County during Mr. Haven's ministry, and that of Rev. Daniel M. Stearns, his successor. The aged Mr. Timothy Alden I can reccollect of seeing at our church in Dennis about 1824. It was at a meeeing of an Association of ministers, I think. He wore his white wig on that occasion and was the object of veneration and affectionate regard of the assembly. I remember his funeral and my father going to Yarmouth to be present at the exercises. His son, Rev. Martin Alden, often supplied the pulpit in Dennis.

The minister at Provincetown for many years was Rev. Nathaniel Stone, a son of Rev. Nathan Stone of our parish. He was frequently in our pulpit, as he had two brothers and a sister living in Dennis.

At Truro, preached Rev. Jude Damon, who occasionally filled our pulpit. He preached in Truro forty-two years, respected and beloved.

At Eastham was settled the Rev. Philander Shaw, who often exchanged with our minister, and no preacher attracted my attention like Mr. Shaw. He was a favorite speaker with our people; his prayers usually flowed on in the same rhetorical phrases and wound up with the same supplication: — "And now, O Lord, what wait we for? Our hope is in thee. May all parts of divine service be performed to our edification and thy divine acceptance. May we sing another of the songs of Zion with raised affections and elevated devotions. Hear our prayers, accept our praises and forgive us our sins." These sentences were always repeated. His favorite hymn was Cowper's, beginning "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform." He prayed with his eyes open, gazing around over the congregation. The last sermon he preached in Dennis, his text was: — "And Terah died in Haran." Altogether Mr. Shaw was a unique figure in the pulpit; his ministry lasted forty-one years.

The minister at Orleans over the Orthodox church for twenty years was the Rev. Daniel Johnson; he was a tall, dark, saturnine man; the doctrines he preached were very satisfactory to my father, who was strongly Calvinistic in his theology. "Mr. Johnson," I once heard him remark, "is a spiritual preacher." In 1828 Mr. Johnson removed from Orleans.

At Brewster was settled Rev. John Simpkins. He was frequently in our church, where "With meek and unaffected grace, his looks adorned the venerable place." He was a person of most saintly mien; his sermons were much admired by those who were inclined to Unitarian views. He usually read for his morning hymn the one beginning, "Another six days' work is done, another Sabbath has begun." He resigned his pastorate in 1831, after forty years of ministerial labors.

Rev. John Sanford was the first preacher at the church at South Dennis. He was a person of much dignity of manner, and a fine pulpit orator, with a rich, sonorous voice and good delivery. He was ordained in 1837.

Mr. Sanford was one of the first to engage in the crusade against intemperance; I remember his lecturing in our meeting-house on the subject soon after the reform had commenced, and reading with fine effect the hymn commencing: "Behold the wretch whose lust and wine, Have wasted his estate." He was succeeded in the South Dennis church by Rev. Thacher Thayer, one of the ablest divines who ever filled a pulpit in Barnstable County.

Time would fail me were I to attempt to speak of other worthy and pious ministers whom I remember at different times officiating in our old meeting-house: Rev. Nathan Underwood, of Harwich, a veteran of the Revolutionary war, Rev. Nathaniel Cogswell of Yarmouth, Rev. Henry Hersey of Barnstable, Rev. Enoch Pratt of West Barnstable; all of them, with one exception, have long since finished their labors and entered into their rest, but their glorified spirits may yet hover over the scene of their earthly toils.

One of the earliest of my recollections is that of the eccentric Lorenzo Dow coming to our place and preaching from the text: "Those that have turned the world upside down, are come hither also." I was too young to go to meeting, but heard it talked about. This advent of Lorenzo Dow, marks to my mind the beginning of an era of change in religious thought upon the Cape; but though doctrines may change, principles remain. "One generation passeth away and another cometh, but the earth abideth forever." To my understanding the Apostle Paul struck the key note of true religion when he said to his Philippian bretheren: — "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

Rev. George W. Osgood, pastor of the West Yarmouth church, was next called upon.

ADDRESS OF REV. GEORGE W. OSGOOD.

Respected Pastor of our Mother Church, Dear Brethren and Sisters:

In the name of your youngest daughter I salute you. Having been here only long enough to learn how to talk, I

am unable to entertain you with quaint reminiscences of our fathers and mothers. But as a number who have preceded me have dwelt so pleasantly on the past, its memories and its associations, it may be well for me to think of the present and the future. And to this end, let me say to our Ecclesiastical Mother, that your youngest daughter appreciates to some extent the God-given doctrines and the character-developing polity that we have inherited from our ecclesiastical ancestry. We are trying to be true to our inheritance, that the families with whom we live may be effectually persuaded to come with us, and that all together may become like God as the days go by, and thus become more and more fitted for our glorious eternity, as day by day we are drawing nearer to it.

We realize to some extent the difficulty of the problem, since men persist in beginning with facts and reasoning God-ward until in their bewilderment they unite with the poet in exclaiming, "the godless look of earth!" It is for us to take a higher position than this, and under God to try to bring them up to our level. We realize that we shall often find ourselves like a bundle of burning tapers in which the lowest attack those higher up, and all together conspire to consume the tallest. But we propose, in our measure, to live over the life of Him who was, and is, the Light of the world; who always began with God and reasoned out unto fact; who never complained; who never doubted God's wisdom and goodness: who never despaired of the future; who let the origin of sin alone and the issues of sin alone; but who simply contented himself with bringing every ounce of his spiritual might practically to bear upon sin itself, that he might put an end to it. How it bore upon his great and sympathetic heart to see his dear fellow-man bending down under the weight of sin and guilt and becoming more and more crushed thereby; and what a zest of spirit did he bring to bear upon the heart of man that greatest force in the universe, the almighty dynamics of the redemptive love of God!

It is our aim, as a church of the Divine Son of God, to illustrate the power of his gospel, to learn to think of God as immanent and to imitate our master in reasoning from God out unto life until our very existence, beheld from this standpoint, shall be transfigured into a constant inspiration unto that highest ideal: to glorify God and to enjoy him forever. If great material possessions will help us in this line we desire them; but if God sees that they would stand in our way, then we want to be poor. If social development and intel-

lectual power will help us, we would like them; but if God sees that they would hinder us, then we humbly ask to be left in obscurity and to have simply good, common sense. We want to come so thoroughly under the power of Christ that we shall attain to the consciousness of our entire nature. Then we shall desire the highest good, and shall go through our days with God, even as the ship goes with the wind, with the full assurance of faith in him who wants us to go on and up. To this end we rejoice in living in this beautiful world of test, even though God does not intend any of his children to be continuously comfortable. Even though the ladder is steep that he expects us to climb, we rejoice in the climbing; for we look back enough to see that it is darker further down, and we look ahead enough to see that it is lighter further up; and thus we want to go on, aspiring ever, despairing never, knowing that God has focused all the rays upon the topmost round.

To keep our spirit calm, we are learning to look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: "for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal."

In proportion as we realize this, our ideal, we shall feel and you will feel, that your youngest daughter is proving herself worthy of her ecclesiastical mother.

Rev. L. P. Atwood was introduced as the representative of the first granddaughter church, the church of South Dennis being a colony of the church in Dennis.

ADDRESS OF REV. L. P. ATWOOD.

Respected Grandmother:

We, of South Dennis Congregational Church gladly come to memorialize the beginning of a life which made our existence possible.

We do not have the choice of our parents, nor the election of the place of our birth; yet frequently, from the honorable record of ancestry, we can look back with gratitude and satisfaction, not to say pride, and say, if we had been consulted in the case, we should have chosen precisely the parents which we had, and the place where we began to be. So this day, a grandchild of the venerable Yarmouth Congregational Church comes to worship at your sacred altars and express satisfaction and joy that such a devout spirit has animated our religious life, coming from you.

We realize, to-day, it is impossible to do honor to your name, faith and memory if we have not respected and cherished the important scriptural truths for which you lived and contended when here you cast your lot, resolved to worship and honor God. Therefore, we assure you we have faithfully relied upon, and taught, at the nuptial shrine, the sacred altar, and the "house appointed for all living," the same great comforting truths which you have ever taught, and the same eternal visions of hope and faith beside the honored mound, cherishing the ashes of our departed ones. We remember, too, that the history of our life and faith cannot be made worthy by mere flattery, much less by fulsome formal words, however chosen and refined. Nor ought you to recognize any caresses, if we have not honored your faith by the spirit in which we have fraternized among ourselves. We are not content to be kindly and respectfully recognized by you, welcomed here to-day to participate in these appropriate services, but we are here with free and hearty will to become "laborers together" in promoting the truth which is most vital to your highest success and spiritual thrift, and which you cherish as the necessary quality of resemblance. Every true utterance of yours we will echo; the essential doctrine you urge shall find its response in us; all your holy outreachings, to rescue the children of men, and present them to Christ, we will imitate; all you excel in doing we endeavor to do as well, since the same spirit animates our hearts and nerves our arm. That for which you are ambitious shall kindle our ardor. When you come up here to worship, remember we are visiting our altars in humble devotion, at the same "common mercy-seat." When you pray for the peace and prosperity of those who love God in sincerity and truth, know our prayers are ascending for you, invoking grace to ripen in you every Christian virtue. We do not ask flattery, nor excuse of our faults, but advice and counsel. Yet, it is of some worth to have lived through these last fifty years. If you grappled with the great essential doctrines of Christianity, we have found it difficult to *apply* them, coming, however, through the ordeal with credit, and challenging the admiration of those who once only envied. That we would provide for perpetuating the faith once delivered to the saints, see here our youthful vitality, in the representatives of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, the active laborers in our field earnestly engaged to spread vital piety throughout our parish. They constitute an ele-

ment not at all recognized when this mother of the surrounding churches was valiant to do her best work for the master. They come putting themselves into sympathy with this day's memories, to catch whatever of inspiration there can be in the touch of these associations, and to become consecrated anew to serve God more effectively hereafter.

It may truthfully be inferred we have been meeting the moral demands of our locality since God's providence has committed to us the care of spiritual things in our neighborhood. But we would not be lulled to sleep, presuming we are essentially correct in faith and practice, because we are left undisturbed. Instead, we desire to be so active and efficient in our work, that all good enterprises may look to us for co-operation and encouragement.

We wish we were more in number here today; but we felicitate ourselves in that we have sent out many of our sons and daughters to do honorable service in many of our cities, and that some are at their homes praying for us to-day, while others are absent upon the mighty deep honoring your memory and their connection with us. Whatever the future years may be, we here and now promise you shall not need to be ashamed of us. "The children of the elect sister greet thee!"

Rev. G. I. Ward, of the New Jerusalem church of Yarmouthport, responded briefly and cordially in behalf of that society, but as his remarks were extemporaneous he has not been able to recall them. The closing address was by Rev. C. A. Bradley of the Universalist church.

ADDRESS OF REV. C. A. BRADLEY.

My Christian Friends:—

My word must be brief. In behalf of the Universalist Church of Yarmouth, I express thanks for the kind invitation to participate in the exercises of this interesting anniversary, and for the cordial greeting which has been extended to us. Those who have preceded me have saluted this venerable church as the mother and grandmother of their respective churches. I do not know that she regards the Universalist church as her offspring. If she does recognize the relationship, I apprehend that she may sometimes have regarded her child as wayward and undutiful. Be that as it may, we come to-day with our Christian salutation, make

your rejoicing our own, and with you, out of the past gather encouragement for a future of grander achievement.

The founders of the church which I have the honor to represent, were reared at your altar. Hither they came to worship, bringing their offerings of praise and thangsgiving. To it they were very warmly attached; around it clustered many blessed memories, many hallowed associations; here devout parents have brought them to be consecrated to God. They have often told me of the spiritual conflicts they experienced when they took themselves away from this, that they might establish an altar of their own. They left their old religious home and their associations with no unkindness in their hearts; it was not because a cloud had passed over their vision of faith, — they were not infidels; it was not because they disbelieved the Bible which they had been taught to reverence, they clung to it more closely as a lamp to their feet and a guide to their path; it was not because they had ceased to look to Jesus as the author and finisher of their faith, — the name of Jesus had become more precious to them, but they left their early religious home because necessity was laid upon them, because they were true to their convictions. They did not question the honesty of those from whom they separated themselves, but they did assert their own. They left to their children a rich legacy of Christian hope and assurance.

And at the present time, whatever our differences, I take pleasure in testifying to the most cordial relations existing between this ancient church and my own. We meet together, not as foes nor as heretics, but in mutual respect, as Christians. And I do most heartily reciprocate the fraternal feeling my brother, your pastor, has expressed toward myself and my people. During the many years we have been colaborers in this field, nothing has occurred to disturb the friendly relations which should ever exist between those who are striving to build God's Kingdom in the hearts of men.

It is frequently said that the several Christian denominations are rapidly approaching each other, and that the time is at hand when, as of old, there will be but one creed and one church. I do not entertain the hope. The fundamental principle of Protestanism asserts the right of private judgement in the interpretation of the Scriptures. This necessarily leads to a diversity of opinion, but it does not necessarily lead to spiritual antagonism and hatred. I do not see that we are moving toward each other, but I think I do see, and I trust

I am not mistaken, Jesus is becoming more and more the center of the thoughts and affections of all; that, as never before, we are all beholding his glory as of the only begotten from the Father; that we of all sects, are marching in ever converging lines directly toward Him who is our Head, and in whom our union will be complete.

May God richly bless this ancient church and, with it, all our churches.

The following letters were then read from the only two surviving pastors, Rev. Abel K. Packard, of Greeley, Colorado, and Rev. J. B. Clark, D. D., Secretary of the American Home Missionary Society:

Greeley, Colo., August 26, 1889.

REV. J. W. DODGE,
Yarmouth, Mass.

My Dear Brother:

When I received your letter I had a faint hope, and much desire, that I might be able to be at Yarmouth at your celebration. I had mislaid your letter and was not thinking the time was so near, till my daughter brought me Saturday, your letter to her.

"Quarter Millennial!" I would indeed like to have a part in such a celebration, even if I had not the interest in Yarmouth I have. Twenty years makes a town or church old here. This town was only four years old when I came to it. I preached here about as long as at Yarmouth, eight years, and seven years have passed since. There are trees here planted since the settlement, more than twice as large in circumference and height as those I planted in Yarmouth were when I saw them last; as perfect lawns as I can imagine. We have three-story brick blocks, street railway, Holly water works, steam fire engine, elegant and costly dwellings, churches and other buildings lighted, as well as the streets and parks, with electricity. We have four newspapers, public library, schools with nearly a score of teachers and eight self-supporting churches, and this in the heart of what was designated on the maps when I lived in Yarmouth, "The Great American Desert."

The years, and the centuries, are both longer and shorter than they were in the old times. The last hundred years have been more crowded with events, with wants and supplies, than the years that went before. They have wit-

nessed far more changes, and accomplished more results, than many centuries preceding. But there is good reason for our natural reverence for antiquity. I would love especially to help celebrate the history of Yarmouth; but I suspect, if I were to be there next Sunday, my chief interest in Yarmouth's history would not be about its beginning. My heart would get warmest, and my eyes moist, as they do now, when I heard, or thought, of Yarmouth as I first saw it, and of the men and women and children whom I honored and loved as I, personally, knew them. Many of them long ago passed into the state of the "blessed dead," but are alive forever more, and often come as vividly to my remembrance as any that remain, or as friends I meet here. The old burial place there would have an interest for me beyond what it used to have. My associations with the Yarmouth church and people have a kind of sacredness in my mind: they are happy, sad, and mingled, but generally pleasant. I cannot indulge the expression of them in this letter. I beg you to convey to the church my hearty congratulations on its honorable history, and my earnest wishes for its future prosperity, and the assurance that I often remember it in my prayers.

I referred to the rapidity with which towns and communities are now founded and builded. I hear much in new communities of the responsibility of those who are at the beginnings. But I often think how the materials for building these new towns and churches are brought, like those for Solomon's temple, ready prepared elsewhere, so that the old communities are determining the new.

My thoughts will be much with you Sunday, and it would give me a rare pleasure to be actually with you, and I shall desire to learn of the services of the church and town anniversaries.

The Lord greatly bless you and the people and prolong your ministry and make it increasingly useful.

Yours heartily,

A. K. Packard.

New York, August 3, 1889.

Rev. John W. Dodge, Yarmouth, Mass.

My Dear Brother:—

I have held your letter of July 27th, several days, hoping for a way out of the complication which seemed to

forbid my acceptance of your kind invitation. I leave for an extended tour in the West, the first week in September. This means thirty busy days of preparation in order to leave business matters in a forward condition at the office. Just at the time of your celebration, I shall be in the thick of this work doing last things in preparation for a long absence. I do not see in the first place how to be away from home during the early days of September, still less do I see any opportunity for previous preparation such as I would desire to make, if I were to take the part which you have suggested. Therefore I must thank you most sincerely for your kindness and for the honor intended and regret profoundly that I cannot even take part as a spectator in your quarter-millennial celebration. I am thankful every day that my ministry began on Cape Cod and in old Yarmouth. I have a feeling for that place and church and people that I share with no other. Something of this is doubtless due to its being a young minister's first love. But more, I think is due to the people themselves. I do not know where in the world to look for nobler men and women than I have seen and known on Cape Cod. I wish you would give my kindest regards to the few of my old people who still live to keep with you this interesting day. Most of those with whom I labored are now on the other side. I should feel more at home in the cemetery, reading their names, than I should in the church. But for the sake of the fathers and mothers whom I knew, I still have a most kindly feeling for their children and extend to them my heartiest congratulations upon this quarter-millenial anniversary.

With kind regards personally, I am,

Truly yours,

Jos. B. Clark.

The exercises closed with the singing of a hymn and the benediction. The spirit of the occasion was of the happiest. No event has occurred in the religious history of the town since the earliest days that has tended to promote harmony and mutual confidence comparable with this. May its effects prove as lasting as they have been happy.

THE TOWN CELEBRATION.

The day appointed, September 3, 1889, was exceptionally fine. The charm of early autumn was over all the landscape. The waters of the bay reflected the bluest of skies. The salt meadows were putting on their earliest shades of yellow and brown, while the maples and elms that line the street borders were radiant in their brighter hues. It was the first memorial day in the annnals of the town, and there was a thrill of expectancy in all hearts. The Scotchman loves his heathery hills, and the Swiss, his Alpine valleys, but not more ardently than does the denizen of Cape Cod his sea-girt home. The sentiment of their own poet finds a response on occasions like these:

"We lift the Pilgrims war cry still
For Freedom and for God,
And wear as proudest title yet
The Sons of old Cape Cod."

Animated with such feelings, the children of Old Yarmouth returned to honor the memory of those who came here for liberty of conscience, and to lay the foundation of many generations. There was a cordial co-operation on the part of all to make the occasion worthy of a glorious past and when the day was over there was but one expression and that was — that it had been a grand success.

The decoration of the town was done under the supervision of Charles Thacher, Esq., the flags and other ornaments

HALLETT STREET, LOOKING EAST.

being furnished by Col. William Beals of Boston. An arch decorated with bunting and wreaths spanned Railroad Avenue. It bore the inscription "Sons and Daughters of Yarmouth Welcome Home"—and "Mattacheese, 1639. — Yarmouth 1889." "Another arch, similarly decorated, near the old church, bore the mottoes — "Yarmouth and Dennis honor their Common Ancestry to-day," and on the reverse face, "Foremost in Enterprise on Land and Sea." The decorating of the arches was very tastefully executed by Mr. Joshua Sears, of Boston, and contributed gratuitously for the occasion; on the old church front were the inscriptions "The old Religious Centre;" "The glory of Children are their Fathers." On the residence of Mr. Benjamin R. Howes, the former home of Rev. Nathaniel Cogswell, for many years pastor, was the inscription "The site of the old parsonage." Mr. A. C. Snow's house bore the legend:

"Of what avail is plow or sail
On land or sea, if freedom fail."

The spot on which the first house was erected near the summer cottage of Mr. Thomas Thacher was marked by a flag a little distance from the street and easily recognized. The house occupied by Mr. Benjamin Lovell, that owned by Mr. Henry C. Thacher, now unoccupied, at the head of wharf lane, and the house occupied by Mr. Eben A. Hallet, being the three oldest houses in town were indicated by signs showing the date of their erection. The Thacher homestead, now owned by George T. Thacher, Esq., built in 1686, was also appropriately designated. The house in which the brothers John, Asa and Oliver Eldridge, well-known shipmasters, were born, was fitly marked. Flags spanned the streets at intervals throughout the town. Citizens vied with each other in decorating their houses in the most appropriate ways. Scarcely a house but had some fitting token for the occasion, giving a brilliant holiday appearance to the entire village. Among those especially noticeable for their good taste, were the following: The Register Office, Charles Thacher, Charles F. Swift, E. D. Payne, D. G. Eldridge, Item Office, H. Q.

Brigham, Allen H. Knowles, George Otis, Insurance Office, Doane & Guyer, Mrs. Almira Hallet, Isaac F. Gorham, First National Bank, Reuben Howes, William P. and William J. Davis, Howes Cottage, John Simpkins, Thacher T. Hallet, Fred. Hallett, Daniel B. Crocker, Mrs. Clara Sears, George W. Thacher, Mrs. Sarah Baker, R. H. Harris, Mrs. Nathaniel Matthews, Edward B. Hallet, J. G. Thacher, A. C. Snow, A. H. Eldridge, 2d., Phœbe W. Crocker, Zenas H. Snow, Joseph Bassett, William D. Loring, Capt. Thomas Matthews, Mrs. Lucy Taylor, Mrs. Charles Sears, Kilburn M. Taylor, Mrs. Benjamin Hallet, Miss Deborah Hamblin, A. C. Megathlin, H. C. Thacher, Mrs. Alice Matthews, George W. Simpkins, George Hallet, George Nickerson, Jr., Joseph H. Bray, Elbridge Taylor, H. L. Kern, Seth Taylor, E. S. Waite, Charles H. Gorham, David Nickerson, Luther Baker, Miss Martha Thacher, Mrs. Edmund Hamblin, Mrs. Edwin Thacher, B. R. Howes, Rev. John W. Dodge, Seth H. Hamblin, Mrs. Bethiah Whelden, Samuel H. Thacher, Watson Thacher, Freeman Howes, John Lundberg, Mrs. Deborah Bray, I. H. Thacher, George Hallet, 2d.

The literary exercises were held in the Congregational church, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion. Long before the appointed hour every available seat was taken, and crowds of people thronged the grounds in the vicinity. It had been arranged that there should be special trains on the Old Colony Railroad from Boston, New Bedford and Provincetown. Large numbers of people arrived on these trains, and many came in private carriages from the immediately adjoining towns. The invited guests were received at the station by Messrs. Fred C. Swift, Obed Baker, George T. Thacher, Cyrus Hall, C. M. Underwood, and C. S. Knowles, of the Committee on Reception, and were conducted to the carriages assigned to them. The Governor by reason of illness, was unable to be present, but the Lieut.-Governor very gracefully and acceptably filled his place.

THE PROCESSION

formed at Railroad Avenue a little after 11 o'clock A. M., the train from Boston having been somewhat delayed. It was composed as follows:

Detachment of Police, under Command of Capt. Charles M. Bray.

Boston Cadet Band, J. T. Baldwin, leader.

Chief Marshal, John Simpkins.

Aids, Edmund Eldridge, Thomas C. Thacher.

Cavalcade under Command of Capt. Frank Thacher.

Guests in carriages, Lieut.-Governor Brackett and staff,

Councillors Mudge and Tufts,

Treasurer Marden, and other Invited Guests.

President of the Day, Orator and Chaplains.

Aged Citizens in carriage, driven by Freeman Howes, Esq.

Whaleboat gaily decorated, containing Thirteen Girls representing the Original States.

The line of march was down Railroad Avenue, along Hallet street to Main street as far as the First Congregational church, the route being necessarily shortened owing to the lateness of the hour. The streets were thronged with people, and cheers went up at various points along the way, as well-known personages were recognized in the passing carriages.

The exercises at the church were conducted by Rev. John W. Dodge. Among those present were his Honor the Lieut.-Governor, Councillors Mudge and Swift, Cols. Newman, Woods and Bennet of the staff, Treasurer George A. Marden, Hon. W. W. Crapo, Alpheus H. Hardy, Joshua M. Sears, Capt. Thomas Prince Howes, Rev. Dr. Jeremiah Taylor, Judge Darius Baker, Capt. Richard Matthews, Joshua C. Howes and others.

Mr. Charles A. Clark, of Salem, presided at the organ, and the chorus was composed of ladies and gentlemen from the two towns, under the leadership of Mr. William N. Stetson, of South Yarmouth.

At a quarter to twelve o'clock the exercises commenced with an organ voluntary, by Mr. Clark, which was followed by Keller's American Hymn, effectively rendered by Miss Emma C. Baker, soloist, supported by the chorus.

The words of the hymn are as follows:

"Speed our republic, O Father, on high!
Lead us in pathways of justice and right;
Rulers as well as the ruled, one and all
Girdle with virture, the armor of might!

Foremost in battle for freedom to stand,
We rush to arms when aroused by its call;
Still as if when George Washington led,
Thunder our war-cry, We conquer or fall!

Faithful and honest to friend and to foe,
Willing to die in humanity's cause,
Thus we defy all tyrannical power,
While we contend for our Union and Laws.

Rise up, Proud Eagle, rise up to the clouds,
Spread thy broad wings o'er this fair western world,
Fling from thy beak our dear banner of old,
Show that it still is for Freedom unfurled!

Chorus:

Hail! Three times hail to our country, and flag.

PRAYER OF REV. JOHN W. DODGE.

Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty; for all that is in the Heaven and in the earth is Thine; Thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and Thou art exalted as head above all. Thou only hast immortality. A thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is passed, and as a watch in the night. All the generations have come forth at Thy bidding. They have done that which Thou gavest them to do. They have reflected Thy glory in the use of the light that Thou hast given them.

We give Thee thanks for our fathers, for their faith, their courage, their self-sacrifice and their devotion to duty. We rejoice in their lofty ideas of the future, towards which they wrought so faithfully. They looked for a city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. In the day of

small things they saw the grandeur of the future and grasped the greatness of the promise. They built deep and wide the foundations of a noble temple. We thank Thee for the wisdom that characterized their laws; that they were led by the spirit to translate Thy perfect law into theirs to so large an extent, and to fashion their commonwealth after the pattern that had been given in the Mount. We thank Thee for the principles of freedom that animated them from the beginning, and especially that they were ready to peril all, that they might secure freedom to worship God.

We thank Thee for the ancestors of this ancient town, whose virtues have been perpetuated through eight generations to the present. Thou hast been with them on sea and land, in prosperity and adversity, in peace and in war. Thou hast presided over their deliberations in the interest of public safety, of education and of religion. Thou didst defend them in the beginning from the savage. Thou preservedst them from threatening famine and pestilence. Thou wast a shield to them in weakness. Through Thy fostering care their interests upon the sea have been promoted, and they have been safely returned again and again from their voyages over the treacherous ocean. Thou hast taught them hardihood and patience by their privations and their toils. Thou but made this place a nursery for strong and enterprising and self-reliant men and women. Here Thou hast trained them to sagacious forecast, to self-sacrifice and to prayer. It has been Thy pleasure, O God, that there should go forth from this town, many brave and faithful men and women to lay foundations of other towns in our land, to preach Thy word, to teach the young, to expound the law, to cure the sick, to engage in commerce and trade, and to do valiant service in all honorable ways for the whole country. May Thy favor still shine upon them wherever they may be. Bless the home-coming to-day! May all hearts be warmed anew in social and faternal love around the old hearth-stone. May a new devotion to this home of the fathers be awakened in the breasts of all the sons and daughters who are with us to-day, and may they ever share richly with us in Thy blessing, for the life that now is, and the richer inheritance of eternal redemption.

Bless, we beseech Thee, the Chief Magistrate of this great Commonwealth! Be very gracious to him in his present illness. Restore him to health and uphold him in the discharge of his high duties. Let Thy favor be upon Thy

servant, the Lieutenant-Governor, who is with us to-day, with his councillors and the officers of his staff. Remember graciously all the members of our state government who have gathered with us to honor the memory of a noble ancestry. Bless the orator of this occasion, who comes back to render a grateful tribute to the memory of the fathers, as a labor of love. May the exercises of the day be an inspiration and a joy to all who participate in them, and may we all who now assemble here, be gathered at last in Thy kingdom on high, through Jesus Christ, our Redeemer. Amen.

After the Quarter-Millenial prayer, Rev. Mr. Dodge introduced the orator of the day as follows:

It is a source of great satisfaction that the town has been able to secure as the Orator of this occasion a native of the old town, and a lineal descendant of one of its most notable founders, — Richard Sears, — sometimes called "The Pilgrim." A gentleman born on the ancestral acres, who has himself shed lustre on the names he bears, in the profession of the law. I have the honor to introduce as the Orator of the day,

PHILIP HOWES SEARS.

In the light of this auspicious morning, which ushers in the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of this ancient town of Yarmouth, I greet this great assembly that has gathered here for its celebration; I greet the descendants of Pilgrim fathers and of primeval emigrants to these shores, who have inherited that spirit which makes this anniversary so welcome; I greet the settlers and the sons of settlers of later times, who have here imbibed the same spirit, and who join with the same heart in honoring the primitive fathers; I greet those who have come hither to-day from other dwelling-places to unite with us in commemorating the founding and building of these typical old colony communities; I invite you all to lay aside for awhile the busy life of to-day, and to live for a brief space with the men and the days of old.

Far away in remote geological ages this long outstretched projection of the mainland was gradually formed and prepared to become eventually the fitting seat of intelligent life. In the slow lapse of time all its upland surface from the borders of Plymouth to the extreme point of Provincetown became covered with a continuous forest, reaching to the water's edge, while at the same time its vast tracts of treeless marsh land adjacent to its streams became overgrown with luxuriant grass, which for season after season only helped to fertilize the ever-deepening soil; for centuries before the Pilgrims set foot on Plymouth Rock a peculiar race of savage men had here found a congenial habitation, roaming freely through the unmeasured woodlands for game, drawing abundantly from the neighboring bays and brooks a rich variety of fishes, and cultivating Indian corn upon the isolated patches of ground from which they had succeeded in clearing off the native forest; in the succession of revolving years at length the great year sixteen hundred thirty-nine(A. D. 1639) arrived when this territory reached the destination for which all its previous history had been preparing — it became the home and theatre of action for a community of civilized men. In the Records of the Colony of Plymouth under the date of January seventeenth (17th) sixteen hundred and thirty-nine (A. D. 1639) N. S., this entry appears;

"The names of those to whom the grant of the land at Mattacheeset, now called Yarmouth, is made. } Mr. Anthony Thacher, Mr. Thomas Howes, Mr. John Crow."

(1 Plym. Col. Rec. p 108.)

Under the authority of this grant, Anthony Thacher, Thomas Howes, John Crow and their associates proceeded to settle and organize the town of Yarmouth.

What were these men who thus undertook to establish a new civil and ecclesiastical community? What were their motives, aims and ideals? What kind of life did they live here in their new settlement? What did they accomplish in their day and generation? What has been accomplished by

those who came after them? What remains to be accomplished in the coming time by those who may here succeed them? What do we owe them, what does the world owe them for the work which they inaugurated, and the work which they performed? The topics that crowd upon the mind at a time like this are manifold and vast, but only a hasty glance at the most important of them is possible in the flying moments of this occasion.

The doctrine of evolution has in our times brought the principle of heredity into special prominence; it may be interesting, therefore, to notice in the outset, the operation of this principle in the history of the original Yarmouth and of its divided parts, the present Yarmouth and Dennis.

The whole history of these towns was indeed prefigured in the ethnological and the personal character of the primeval settlers. A cursory view of that history will show two things most strikingly: it will show in what a remarkable manner these settlers and their descendants have illustrated the distinguishing traits of all those branches of the Aryan race that make up the composite people of Great Britain; it will show also how peculiarly, how typically, they have at the same time represented the distinctive spirit of the leading founders of the Colony of Plymouth and have exemplified that spirit in their public and private life. The historian of Yarmouth and Dennis, in his able and valuable work, has given a descriptive catalogue of the dozen or more early settlers who, through their descendants have continued to be represented in the people of these towns and have, in fact, determined their history. In that catalogue two, at least, Thomas Howes and William Nickerson, came from the county of Norfolk, and one, William Hedge, from the county of Northampton, counties that were, at the time of the Anglo-Saxon conquest of England, settled by the Angles and later in part by the Danes, who have both been ever noted for enterprise, courage, independence and practical sagacity, and who are wont to take to the sea as if to their native element; two in that catalogue, John Gorham and Richard Sears,

whose ancestry lived long in France before their appearance in England, belonged to the Norman race, which, in addition to the characteristics of the Angles and Danes, is said by Macauley, to have brought into England the spirit of chivalry and a taste for literature; three in the catalogue, Anthony Thacher, Andrew Hallet, and James Matthews, came from the southerly counties of England which were settled by the Saxons, who are described by Mackintosh, in his ethnological survey of England, as remarkable for well-balanced minds and characters, leading to orderly lives and to judicious action in public and private; one, Edmund Hawes, came from the city of London, which, while settled at first by the Saxons, has been immemorially the great reservoir into which all England has poured perpetually its young men of mercantile aptitude; two, John Crow and John Hall, were from Wales, whose population belongs to that Celtic branch of the Aryan race, which in its early migration across the continent of Europe conquered and absorbed into itself the pre-historic Turanian inhabitants, a people possessing a more emotional and imaginative temperament, which the later Celts have inherited, and which sometimes develops, in individuals who are partly of Celtic descent, a talent for invention, a gift of wit or a genius for poetry, music or eloquence. Of all these divisions of the Aryan race a versatile adaptiveness to new circumstances and indomitable energy and pluck in meeting new exigencies are, perhaps, the most striking characteristics. These various traits of character to which I have referred, separate or combined, modified, mingled together in manifold ways, will be found to reappear continually in the history of these towns.

What now, let me ask, what was it that brought such men, so diverse in local origin and in many peculiarities, to this place for settlement? Like most of the colonists of New England they quitted their native land through fidelity to their religious convictions in order to escape the persecutions of the Stuart Kings and the English hierarchy. In coming to America, "They sought a faith's pure shrine." They left

behind the homes of their childhood, the graves of their forefathers, the society of kindred and friends, the comforts and blessings of a civilized community, and they braved the dangers and hardships of pioneer life in the wilderness, in the midst of savage neighbors, for the sake of

"Freedom to worship God."

A conscientious sense of duty towards God and the spirit of freedom were the controlling motives of their action. With these motives were united some hope of spreading the Gospel among the heathen natives, some hope of enlarging the dominions of the British Crown, and especially some hope of helping to found a Christian Commonwealth in this New World. But why, it may well be asked, did they come to the territory of the Colony of Plymouth rather than to the greater and more powerful Colony of Massachusetts Bay? There subsequent conduct and history clearly show that their course in this respect was determined by their sympathy with the spirit and policy of the founders of Plymouth and their disapproval of the policy of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay. Two of the first settlers of Yarmouth had lived long in Holland and must have known the practice of John Robinson and his church at Leyden in holding communion freely with Dutch, French and Scotch Protestants and with Puritans of the church of England; they must also have known of those wonderful farewell words of Robinson addressed to the part of his congregation then embarking for America, in which he charged them to follow him no farther than he followed Christ, and if God should reveal anything to them by any other instrument, to be as ready to receive it as ever they were to receive any truth by his ministry, assuring them of his persuasion that the Lord had more truth and light yet to break forth out of his holy word. A majority of the principal settlers of Yarmouth had previously lived in the jurisdiction of Massachusetts Bay and had seen that colony banishing for the expression of religious opinion John Wheelwright, William Aspinwall, Mrs. Ann Hutchinson and her family and adherents; they had seen that the government of that

colony was a theocratic oligarchy, in which church members alone had the right of suffrage and the clergy had the controlling power and whose legal code and judgments followed the laws of Moses in all their severity; but in looking to Plymouth they saw that no man had been punished for the expression of his religious opinions, that all inhabitants of "good conversation," being masters of families, were allowed to vote, and that the laws were based upon the common law of New England, modified by the precepts of the New Testament. The acts of the settlers of Yarmouth at a subsequent period prove that their choice of jurisdiction was decided by this marked difference in the original spirit of the two colonies. More than eighteen years later, after death had taken away all the great original founders of Plymouth, after John Robinson, who was the quickening spirit of that Colony though he never came to it, and William Brewster, William Bradford, Edward Winslow and Miles Standish had all died, when the government of Plymouth, under the pressure of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, enacted laws for the punishment of the Quakers, the settlers of Yarmouth remained faithful to their principles. No Quaker was punished or arraigned in Yarmouth; and, when the authorities of the town under the requirements of law laid taxes upon all the inhabitants for paying the minister's salary and also for enlarging the meeting-house, by vote of the town they laid the tax large enough upon the other inhabitants to enable them to remit the tax to Quakers. All honor, then, to the founders of Yarmouth, who, at that early day, practised those great principles of religious toleration which have since been embodied in the constitution of Massachusetts and in the constitution of the United States.

Having determined for such reasons to settle within the jurisdiction of Plymouth, it was these great tracts of meadow and marsh-land affording hay for their cattle, and the comparatively large area of planting ground cleared up by the Indians and ready for use, that drew them to Mattakeeset.

In the spring and summer of the year 1639 they came hither, without their families, to secure the assignment of their home-lots and other lands, to build houses and to prepare the place for permanent residence, living meanwhile in booths. Before the summer was ended their hastily constructed houses were ready for occupation, and at the beginning of autumn they brought their families, and then, but not before, they became inhabitants of Yarmouth and the real settlement of the town took place. Their life here in those early years, though subject to many hardships, was, on the whole, remarkably fortunate and prosperous. Finding on all sides springs, brooks and ponds of "sweet water," they had built their houses near them, and so, blessed with good water as well as good air, they had health and long life. The raising of cattle for the first twenty years formed their most important, practical business, and, while the influx of new settlers continued, was very profitable. Next in importance was the raising of Indian corn, which had become the currency of the colony and which, when planted with alewives or other fish in the hill, bore abundant crops. The other principal products of their lands were rye, barley, beans, peas and flax. Orchards soon appeared near every house and some of the pear trees set out by them are flourishing to this day; new lands were rapidly cleared up for cultivation, fences built, roads and lanes opened, their houses enlarged and improved, and soon the wilderness "blossomed like the rose." Governor Bradford, though he did not possess much of "the vision and faculty divine," was inspired to write shortly before his death a descriptive poem upon the condition of the colony as it was a few years previously. Some passages from this peculiar poem will show the condition of Yarmouth:

"All sorts of grain, which our own land doth yield,
Was hither brought and sown in every field;
As wheat and rye, barley, oats, beans and pease.
Here all thrive and they profit from them raise."

"Cattle of every kind do fill the land;
Many now are killed and their hides tanned
By which men are supplied with meat and shoes,
Or what they can, though much by wolves they lose.
Here store of cows, which milk and butter yield,
And also oxen, for to till the field;
Of which great profit many now do make
If they have a fit place and able pains do take.
Horses here likewise now do multiply,
They prosper well, and yet their price is high."

"A cow then was at twenty pounds and five
Those who had increase could not choose but thrive;
And a cow calf, ten or twelve pounds would give
As soon as weaned, if that it did but live."

"And both swine and corn was in great request—
To the first comers this was a harvest.
But that which did 'bove all the rest excel,
God in his word, with us He here did dwell;
Well ordered Churches in each place there were,
And a learn'd ministry was planted here,
All marvell'd and said 'Lord this work is thine
In the wilderness to make such lights to shine.'"

"Here were men sincere, and upright in heart,
Who from justice and right would not depart;
Men's causes they would scan and well debate,
But all bribes and corruptions they did hate."

MS. poem found among the papers of Gov. Bradford, Mass. Hist. Col. 3 l. p 77.

To their agricultural pursuits the first settlers immediately added another large source of profit by securing the numerous "drift whales" that in those days were cast on shore within the bounds of Yarmouth, and at a later date they originated a new business, which for a hundred years proved to be of the greatest value to these towns, and to this county and the neighboring counties. This was the pursuit of whales in boats and lancing them while still free in their native element. This whale fishing in boats their descendants carried on until whales ceased to frequent the waters of Cape Cod Bay, and then in small vessels they pursued the whale in the Atlantic Ocean between George's bank

and the Capes of Virginia, and later in the strait of Belle Isle and the river St. Lawrence, until at length the Revolutionary war put an end to whale fishery for the inhabitants of Yarmouth.

But the founders of Yarmouth were not absorbed in mere material interests; one of the first things to engage their attention was the formation of a well-ordered church and the settlement of a devoted pastor. The first Church of Yarmouth, organized at once, was started by them upon that high course which it has pursued for two centuries and and a half. Supplied with a succession of able, learned and godly ministers, breaking the bread of life to generation after generation, upholding the cause of education, diffusing the spirit of true culture, promoting every good work for the improvement and welfare of the community, forming out of itself new churches of like influence in the remoter parts of the original parish, the inhabitants of these towns can never be sufficiently grateful to their ancestors for the establishment and maintenance of such an institution.

The first meeting-house erected on the southerly side of the old cemetery, a short distance from this place, was a building of very rude construction. The pastor of the First Church, in his able and interesting historical sketch of the First Church and its ministers and meeting-houses, has described it as a building of forty feet in length and thirty in width with thatched roof; unplastered, unglazed, unshingled, unpainted, with windows of oiled paper. What a contrast between that small, rude structure and this spacious and beautiful temple of worship in which we are now assembled. But, I doubt not, our ancestors worshipped as devoutly in that building as they would have done in this. They had no organ, no musical instruments, no choir, but those of the congregation who were able to sing three or four of the simple tunes contained in Ainsworth's version of the Psalms, sang the same tunes in regular order Sunday after Sunday, making melody in their hearts.

The sermons of the early ministers, of Rev. John Miller, the second pastor, of Rev. Thomas Thornton, the third pastor, were always able and always lengthy, the hour-glass being turned twice at least during every sermon. There were some in the congregations who dissented from the minister's views and adopted very peculiar methods of showing their dissent.

Peter Worden and William Lumpkin were fined 10s. each for causing disturbance in the Yarmouth Meeting-house on the Lord's day, by talking, it is said, in a low voice during service, in a corner of the meeting-house; Richard Berry and three others were fined 5s. each "for smoking tobacco at the end of the Yarmouth Meeting-house on the Lord's day in the time of exercise;" William Chase was presented "for driving a pair of oxen five miles on the Lord's day in time of exercise;" John Gray and two others were fined thirty shillings each "for sailing from Yarmouth to Boston on the Lord's day;" Nicholas Nickerson was punished for defaming the minister, and William Nickerson was called to account for jeering at religion and disturbing public meetings. And yet, when, subsequently, William Nickerson removed to Mannamoit, within the jurisdiction of Yarmouth, and there preached to those who wished to hear him, the authorities never interfered with his preaching. While, therefore, breaches of the public peace and breaches of order and decorum, within the sanctuary and without, were most rigidly repressed, the worship of God and the expression of religious opinion were left free. The founders of Yarmouth had solved that problem of ages — the reconciliation of religious freedom with civil order, the harmonious union of individual liberty and public law. Their administration of civil affairs in other respects was marked by singular wisdom and justice. The proceeds of the fisheries at Cape Cod were appropriated by the General Court of the Colony to the support of education, and the people of Yarmouth soon established for themselves that system of common schools which afterwards became one of the great distinctions of New England.

Their treatment of the Aborigines living within the limits of the town was so just and kind that the confidence and friendship of these tribes were forever secured. Every foot of land was fairly bought of them and fully paid for, every greivance promptly redressed and the principles of the Gospel were preached to them and practised towards them. Whatever Indian wars might elsewhere arise,— during King Philip's war and all other troubles and disturbances,— the native tribes throughout this county remained uniformly pacific and faithful. What volumes does this speak for the justice and Christian conduct of those who then inhabited this town and this county!

The first settlers of Yarmouth, like the first colonists of Plymouth, had a strong disinclination to public office which they regarded, not as an honor, but as a trust and grave responsibility to be accepted only from a sense of duty or from fear of the penalties imposed by law for refusal. If a competent man could be found willing to undertake such responsibility, they were sure to re-elect him and keep him in office so long as he would consent to it, and thev had no fear of finding any irregularities in his official accounts. None such were ever known in the Colony of Plymouth.

Our New England town is a peculiar organism; it is a body politic, a distinct unit having functions within itself towards its own members in respect to public health, the public peace, the means of inter-communication, the care of education, and, in former times, the support of public worship, but it is at the same time an organic part of a larger political entity to which it has relations and duties. Yarmouth had such relations for fifty-three years to the Colony of Plymouth and to the crown of England, for eighty-four years to the Province of Massachusetts Bay, and now for more than one hundred years to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and the American Union. The people of Yarmouth regarded and spoke of the Colony of Plymouth as "the country" and, in the performance of their duty towards that country, exhibited the highest patriotism.

They contributed their full share to meet its financial burdens, they took their full part in the counsels and administration of its government, and in the hour of danger they sent forth their soldiers at a moment's warning to fight in its service. Within three years after the first settlement, in the year 1642 and again in the year 1645, upon notice from the Colonial Authorities, the men of Yarmouth marched forth at once into the country of the Narragansetts in their earliest military expeditions; and when in the year 1675 King Philip's war arose, although Yarmouth was far from the scene of hostilities and far from any danger of attack, it sent forth under the command of Captain John Gorham, Captain Thomas Howes, Captain Michael Pierce and Ensign John Thacher, respectively, six successive expeditions for the defence of the United Colonies of New England. The second of these expeditions was engaged in the great Swamp Fight which broke the power of King Philip's allies, and the fourth expedition was in the bloody fight at Rehoboth, in which almost every man was slain. The peaceful citizens had been unused to camps and untrained in arms, but, like Cromwell's men, they went forth to battle in the name of the Lord and in the power of his might. Our ancestors ever felt that they were co-operating in the work and plan of Providence; they belived that they were building on this western continent a truer home for posterity in all after ages; they believed that they were helping to found a better commonwealth than the world had known; amid its hardships and discomforts there was in their life something of poetry, much of heroism; in all their work they were sustained by a lofty consciousness, by high hopes, by noble ideals. In looking back at their work from this distance of time, who can fail to admire these men? What striking qualities they displayed! What energy, industry and forecast in their labors upon the face of the earth itself! What enterprise, courage and skill in the development and prosecution of the whale fishery! What justice and Christian charity in the treatment of their savage neighbors! What care

for the intellectual welfare of posterity in the establishment of schools! What regard for the highest interests of man in organizing such a church and providing such a ministry! What wisdom in combining religious liberty with civil order! What patriotism and heroism in answering the calls of their country in the hour of danger to the sacrifice of life! They made Yarmouth, in their life-time, a typical old colony town, and so handed it over to posterity.

Receiving such an inheritance, how have their successors acquitted themselves in the trust? How have they performed their part on the stage of life?

Looking down the long vista of the generations that have followed, we shall not find that they have proved unfaithful. The patriotic record of these towns is surpassed by none. What important service they rendered, especially by their whale-boat fleets, to the Province of Massachusetts Bay and to Great Britain in King William's war, in Queen Anne's war, in the French wars, which resulted finally in the overthrow of the power of France in America! But it is in the Revolution and in the war of the Rebellion that their brightest record appears. Upon the first news of the battle of Lexington, the military companies of the two precincts of Yarmouth, one hundred and twenty strong, started forth, like minute-men, for the scene of action. When in the year 1776 the towns were requested to express their opinion, whether, if Congress should declare the Independence of the Colonies, the people would sustain them in the act, the town of Yarmouth, rising in its sovereign authority with unparallelled boldness, voted, unanimously, "That the inhabitants of the town of Yarmouth *do declare a state of independence of the King of Great Britain*, agreeably to a late resolve of the General Court, in case the wisdom of Congress should see proper to do it."

The town of Yarmouth and the other towns in this county during the Revolutionary war absolutely exhausted themselves in furnishing men, money, provisions, clothing

and other supplies for the army and the cause of independence.

The action of the towns of Yarmouth and Dennis in our civil war it is unnecessary to relate. The resolutions passed at their meetings breathed the soul of patriotism; every demand for men throughout the war was promptly filled, and much more than filled; more than forty thousand dollars were spent in bounties to volunteers and in providing for their families and incident expenses, over and beyond what was advanced to the government and repaid; and the men sent forth did honor to their towns. No greater patriotism, or valor, or heroism was exhibited on the plain of Marathon, or in the Bay of Salamis, or at the Pass of Thermopylæ, than was displayed by men of Yarmouth and Dennis in the battles of the Revolution and on southern fields and waters in the war of the Rebellion. The military Captains of Europe have expressed great surprise at the facility with which the peaceful American citizen is transformed into the bold and heroic soldier; but the explanation of this phenomenon is to be sought in the inherited blood of the American; it must be traced back to the fights of the Vikings, to the conflicts of Saxon and Briton, of Angle, Norman and Dane, to the wars of the Crusaders and the wars of the Roses, to wars with Scotland, with France, with Indians, with England herself, which together have helped to evolve the character of the American of to-day. When the bugle of his country calls, it evokes an echo in his breast.

The system of common schools founded by the fathers has been enlarged and improved beyond their utmost conception and was never better than to-day. The work of the schools, too, has been supplemented and extended by the several libraries that have come into existence and especially here in this place, by the large and beautiful library to which so many citizens and natives of Yarmouth have contributed. The church which was organized by the fathers, has steadily done its work through the successive generations and still flourishes in undecaying vigor, doing a fuller and better work

than ever. Other churches of the same and of different creeds have sprung from it, supplying the wants of every section, suiting every shade of belief and sentiment, and, however differing in some respects, all inculcating that fear of God which is the beginning of wisdom, and co-operating in that charity which is greater than the faith that can remove mountains.

But it is the practical pursuits and interests of the people of these towns that have experienced the greatest changes, and that have most fully tested the resources of their character. After the opening of more fertile lands elsewhere had diminished the profits of their agriculture, and after the withdrawal of the whale to remoter waters required larger vessels than their harbors would admit of, the people of these towns on both shores of the peninsula, previously to the Revolutionary war, and immediately after it, took up successfully the business of cod fishery, the business of coasting to southern ports and also the making of voyages in small vessels to the West Indies, to New Orleans, and to the ports of France and other countries of Europe. During the Revolutionary war the high price of common salt turned the attention of a native of the eastern precinct of the town to the question of the practicability of producing salt profitably from sea-water through solar evaporation, and before the end of the last century he had succeeded in inventing and perfecting a set of contrivances by which this end was accomplished. The invention of salt-works gave a business of great value and profit to these towns and to this county and the neighboring counties for nearly fifty years, until through the abolition of duties on foreign salt and the development of new sources of supply within our own land, the business at length ceased to be any longer profitable. Meanwhile the growth of the foreign commerce of the country and the employment of large American ships in this business between the years 1820 and 1861, opened a new field for enterprise and character. The shipmasters from these towns have had no superiors. They found here a con-

genial element and came forth with surpassing lustre. Energy, courage, skill, presence of mind, coolness of judgment, commanding authority and high honor, characterized these men. Transcendent success in this vocation has made the names of Crowell, Eldridge, Hallett, Howes, Taylor, famous for masterly seamanship and noble manhood as widely as the ocean rolls. But with the war of the Rebellion, American ships disappeared from our foreign commerce and the great shipmasters found their occupation gone.

Contemporaneously with the engagement of shipmasters from Yarmouth and Dennis in foreign commerce, a part of the people of these towns engaged in the mackerel fishery, and others, again, in ship-building; industries that flourished much for a time, but, practically came to an end also with the Civil war. The coasting trade, which began before the Revolutionary war, has undergone many and great vicissitudes; the introduction and extension of railroads long ago superseded the earlier forms of the business; but the sagacity and enterprise of citizens of these towns quickly took advantage of the development of coal mines and the substitution of coal for wood and have in recent times built up a new coasting business surpassing all that has preceded it. Fifty years ago a native of Dennis discovered the art of cultivating the cranberry; and this discovery, revealing a better use for the many swamps and marshes throughout Cape Cod, has introduced a new industry which brings to these towns a greater annual income than any previous branch of business. In looking back over the history of these changing pursuits we shall be struck with the recuperative power so constantly displayed. New kinds of business have quickly arisen to take the place of the old that had succumbed to fate. What inventiveness and sagacity, what enterprise, versatility and energy have been shown in meeting the exigencies of "all-destroying time!" Where such recuperative power is shown, there is never occasion to abate hope or effort. The capacity, that has been able to answer the demands of the past, will not be found inadequate to the

requirements of the future. When the foreign commerce of the country in American ships shall be resumed, the sovereigns of the seas will step forth anew from the shores. If the protection of home industry continue to be the national policy, the inventive talent here existing will soon discover the sort of manufacture suited to these environments.

The history of these towns is not confined wholly within their own local bounds. They have sent forth colonists in great numbers to the State of Maine, to Western Massachusetts, to New York, to every state and city in the union, and indeed to every part of the habitable globe, who have everywhere maintained the prestige of their ancestral home. They have contributed their due proportional number to the learned professions; they have contributed much more than their proportion to the active callings of the metropolis of the Commonwealth, and especially to the mercantile calling, whose roll of successful and eminent merchants bears the names of Thacher, Hallett, Sears, Hawes, Baker and many others that have belonged to natives of these towns. The complaint is somtimes heard that these towns have not made any like contributions to the ranks of science, literature and art. If there be any ground for this complaint, it is for the future to remedy. The President of Harvard University has called attention to the fact that the County of Barnstable sends to college a less proportional number of students than do the other counties of the State, and he ascribes this fact to the want of an endowed classical school within the county. His explanation is undoubtedly correct, and there is at this moment no more important want in this county than of the establishment of an endowed academy having a classical department supplied with competent teachers, with libraries and with engravings, and casts of the best works of ancient and modern art, and having also an English department provided with scientific apparatus to fit for the profession of teaching and for all the higher active callings in the community. Where so much native talent gleams out on every side, there is urgent call for its due development. If such

an Academy were established in one of these towns so central for the whole county, what a mighty power for good would arise! What talents would be evoked into new activity! What genius might be awakened! What improvements in practical pursuits and the enterprises of business originated! What elevation and refinement of social life promoted!

These towns are now organic parts of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, "The heir of all the ages in the foremost files of time." In the front lines of Massachusetts' civilization a higher and broader cultures, a more complete and full-orbed life is gradually rising. New influences are at work in our midst. The education now given in Harvard College has a comprehensiveness never known before in our land; the great musical compositions of Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Wagner, are heard in Boston to-day in no less perfection than in Vienna or London; the great works of European art are beginning slowly to migrate to our shores and to exert their influence on the young as well as the old. In the philosophy of Plato, the ends of our rational intelligence are defined to be the Good, the Beautiful and the True. Our ancestors devoted their attention mainly to the good, — the good in material things, in civil affairs, in spiritual concerns and to the true as subsidiary to the good; but the beautiful entered very little into their consciousness. To-day the beautiful is taking its place by the side of the good and the true — awakening new emotions, aspirations and ideals, and helping to elevate, expand and round our life more nearly into that integral and symmetrical completeness which the nature of man and the Author of his nature prescribe. This completer life belongs here as well as in Boston or Cambridge. Our ancestors, in their day, made Yarmouth a typical town of the Old Colony; it is for their descendants to make Yarmouth and Dennis typical towns of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts in the twentieth century.

The oration occupied about forty-five minutes in its delivery and was listened to with close attention throughout, by an audience that filled every avaliable spot within the walls of the church. Immediately following, an original hymn written for the occasion, by Rev. John W. Dodge, was sung to the tune of Hamburg :

ORIGINAL HYMN.

The sea is Thine and Thine the strand,
Thy dome o'erarches sea and land,
And on the billowy pavement's sheen,
Thy footsteps, mighty God, are seen.

The rolling waves and sounding shore
Through forest aisles Thy praises bore,
E'er human voices broke the charm,
And uttered first their plaintive psalm.

The Hand that led the Pilgrims o'er,
And showed the Rock on yonder shore,
Concealed in storm our harbor's face,
And fixed for us a humbler place.

And yet to us to rear was given,
One pillar of the mystic seven
Of Wisdom's house; a nation grand,
Through coming centuries to stand.

Our fathers toiled through all the years;
They ploughed in faith, they sowed in tears,
Thy love sustained their fainting strength,
And gladdening harvests came at length.

And here to-day the children come
To find a cordial welcome home;
And round ancestral altars raise
Their grateful hymns of love and praise.

Long live the town—our fathers' pride,
Where beauty, health and peace abide;
May generations yet to be,
Thy bright millennial glories see.

The exercises at the church closed at about half-past one, and the assembly was dismissed for dinner.

As many were unable to gain admission to the church to enjoy the literary exercises, a varied programme of sports was arranged by the committee, and the grounds provided for the purpose in the vicinity were thronged nearly all day by eager participants in the games. At 9 A. M., was a shooting match, with four prizes. At 10 A. M., Base Ball — the North Side married men *versus* the South Side married men. — At 3 P. M., the North Side club *versus* the South Side club. The prize medals were engraved, "Yarmouth, 1639 — 1889." For the young people there were a sack race, potato race, three-legged race, obstacle race, etc. The honors of base-ball were about equally distributed between the two sides of the town. In the forenoon the North Side married men beat the South Side married men by a score of 21 to 5. In the afternoon the South Side beat the North Side club 13 to 5.

An Antiquarian Exhibition in the vestry of the Congregational church consisted of rare and curious articles — household utensils, antiquated implements of various sorts, and relics of by-gone times, around which was gathered an interested throng, continually changing through the day.

The tent for dinner was pitched on an historic spot, just across the street to the north of the School House, on a spot of land which had formerly belonged to Rev. John Miller, the second pastor of the church. It was one hundred and ten feet long by sixty-three feet wide, with a capacity for accommodating nearly a thousand guests at the tables. It was gaily decorated with flags and streamers, and being visible from many points, from its central situation, was an object of attraction to all. Over the entrance was the motto, —

"We will our celebration keep."

— *King Henry IV.*

The interier was brilliantly trimmed with flags, and set off with mottoes in large gold letters on a black velvet back

ground. The table for invited guests was on a raised platform on the North Side, over which was the motto, —

"Feast here awhile."

— *Pericles.*

The dinner was served by J. Dooling, of Boston, caterer, and the appointments were superb in every respect. The tables were beautifully decorated with cut flowers and potted plants, and nothing was wanted to secure a complete success. When the guests were seated, nearly every place was filled, the number by count being nine hundred and fifty. The Band was in attendance and played choice selections at intervals during the afternoon. The following is the

MENU.

FISH.

Boiled Salmon. Green Peas.
Sliced Tomatoes.
Potato Croquettes.

BOILED.

Chicken. Ham. Tongue. Potatoes.
Currant Jelly.

ROAST.

Sirloin Beef. Dish Gravy. Turkey.
Cranberry Sauce.
Mashed Potatoes. String Beans.
Pickles. Olives.

ENTREE.

Lobster Salad.

DESSERT.

Frozen Pudding.
Vanilla. Strawberry. Chocolate.
Macaroon. Pineapple.
Ice Cream.

Orange Sherbet. Raspberry Sherbet.
Frosted Currant Almond
Citron Cake. Cocoanuts.
Fancy Cakes. Macaroons.

FRUIT.

Bananas. Oranges. Pineapples.
Plums. Walnuts. Raisins.
French Coffee.

The company was called to order by Hon. Henry C. Thacher, president of the day, who called upon Rev. Jeremiah Taylor, of Boston, to invoke the divine blessing. After an hour spent in discussing the rich viands, the president called the assembly to order and welcomed them in the following brief remarks:

PRESIDENT THACHER'S ADDRESS.

Daughters and Sons of Old Yarmouth: I bid you welcome. I cordially welcome all who have assembled here to celebrate this day. I welcome you to this pleasant old town; I welcome you to its shady streets, to its gentle hills, from whose tops the eye looks out over the blue waters of the bay to that point which marks the southern entrance to the harbor of Plymouth, to the hills of Provincetown, which sheltered the harbors on whose waters the Mayflower rode, when in her cabin was enacted that ever memorable instrument, that first written constitution ever adopted by man for self-government, that instrument from which are formed all the constitutions of our states and the constitution of the great and powerful nation, the United States of America. And here by the shore of the sea, among our homes, I welcome you to all the festivities of the day.

The president then introduced his honor Lieutenant Governor Brackett, who spoke as follows:

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR BRACKETT'S ADDRESS.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: — The Commonwealth for which you invite me to respond, seems youthful when compared with Yarmouth.

Its constitution was adopted more than one hundred and forty years after the act of incorporation which we com-

memorate. It is, therefore, fit that on this occasion it should pay to the ancient town the homage ever due from youth to age. It delegates to me the duty of bringing to Yarmouth on its natal day, its salutations.

The year 1639 was an eventful one in the history of the Cape. Upon a single day in that year, as you all know, three of its towns, Yarmouth, Sandwich and Barnstable, were ushered into being. There was one fact probably not contemplated by the people of that generation, and that was, that because of their incorporation on the same day, the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary and other like anniversaries, would naturally fall upon the same day, thus giving to those who are invited and might desire to attend both celebrations, some little degree of embarrassment. Mark Twain, speaking once at a banquet upon the landing of the Pilgrims, commenting upon the fact that he had been obliged to decline invitations to like celebrations on the same day, remarked that his only complaint against the Pilgrims was, that they all landed upon the same day, because, he said, if they had not done this, then these commemorative dinners might have taken place on different days, and he been able to take them all in.

I understand that the celebration at Barnstable has been postponed. I trust that we all shall be invited to attend the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary, and all accept, unless prevented by previous engagements elsewhere.

Yarmouth to-day enters into a new chapter. You, its sons and daughters, glorifying in its past, and hopeful for its future, have come together in honor of the event. You have come together to show by your presence, your regard for the town and your reverence for its founders. In the spirit of that injunction which commands us to honor our fathers and mothers, we also honor the fathers and mothers of the town in which we were born or live. They are worthy of unstinted praise, the men who founded these old towns, for the heroism they displayed, for the hardships they endured in their pioneer life. By contemplating their condition, the condition in which they were placed, and in contrasting it with our own, we derive every cause for satisfaction and contentment for the lot which has befallen us. To be permitted to take part in its mighty work, to be borne forward on its surging tide, is a boon the like of which has not been enjoyed by other generations. Who can measure the extent of our obligations to the hardy pioneers who laid

the foundations of the towns, and gave to mankind a practical exemplification of that system of popular government which was afterward adopted by the nation, and under which it has gone on in triumph for more than a century? It was in the town meeting of the colonial period that American liberty was nurtured and the people learned to appreciate their rights. It was there that the idea of an independent Nation originated and grew, until at length it became that living and glorious reality which it at length achieved. It is proper, and becoming, and just, that the people to-day should embrace every occasion to acknowledge that indebtedness, and pay our grateful tributes to the heroic men who laid the foundations of this old town which we honor. I am reminded somewhat vividly of my first visit to the town. It was several years ago, more than I now care to confess. I came to deliver an address in one of your churches, in behalf of the New England Freedmen's Aid society. It was my first experience in that character, and I came with a great many misgivings. I noticed that I was received with a deference unexpected, and soon ascertained the cause. It happened that on that same evening, (Sunday,) a clerical gentiemen was to speak in Yarmouth. Your paper announced the meeting, but for some reason it got "those two children mixed," and on taking up the paper, I was somewhat astounded and shocked to see my full name printed in large letters, with the title of *Rev.* prefixed. It was a dignity to which I had no claim, and which I was poorly prepared to sustain. I besought my friend, Mr. Swift, to supply me with all his spare copies of the paper, and he donated them to me, kindly mailed to my classmates scattered around the country, and which filled their minds with wonderment, to think that I had so suddenly come out with the title of a clergyman.

It is customary on occasions of this kind, for the Commonwealth to be represented by some one of its officials. It is appropriate that this should be. The Commonwealth is interested in the town's growth and prosperity, and in the character of all its towns, for upon them does not its progress and welfare depend? Its fortune in which all good citizens are concerned, is to be just what its people make it. The history of Yarmouth thus far in its career has been honorable and creditable. Its past is secure. May the future be worthy of its past, so that when the three hundredth anniversary shall occur, the people whose privilege it shall be to take part in it, may review the period intervening with the

same feelings of satisfaction and pride which you now experience when you look back to the two hundred and fifty bygone years.

The president then said: "It is seldom that an election occurs in which the majority and minority candidates are alike satisfied with the result. Such an election took place last autumn, and I now have the pleasure of introducing to you, the majority candidate, George A. Marden, Treasurer and Receiver-General of this Commonwealth."

MR. MARDEN'S ADDRESS.

His Honor, the Lieutenant-Governor, and I, were born in New Hampshire. About forty years ago this summer, in the town adjoining where I was born, there were men mowing upon a large meadow. One of them was a good old Baptist deacon, and he had his hired man in the swath just ahead, (he always had him in the swathe just ahead of him,) and the hired man came to what seemed to him a suspicious looking place in the grass, and so he went and set in on the other side. The deacon was a man who was always quoting scripture, and he said to the hired man, "the wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous is bold as a lion." In a few minutes the deacon was making 2. 40 time across the meadow with a hundred bees after him. The hired man shouted out to the deacon, "the prudent man foreseeth the danger and avoideth it, but the simple pass on and are punished." I had an invitation to come to this celebration some months ago. If I had supposed that I was to be brought down here as a representative of the State Government, as one of the fictions which precede our State elections; if I was supposed to follow His Honor, the Lieutenant-Governor, the prudent man would have foreseen the evil and hidden himself, but he passed on, and *you* are being punished.

What shall I say on an occasion like this? Not supposing the brunt of the speech-making was to come so near to me, I failed to study up the Legislative Manual beforehand. At a grocers' picnic, a few days ago, I was called upon to represent the Common wealth of Massachusetts, and did it in my feeble way. When we got through and were waiting for the train, a man came up and introduced himself to me; he was a grocer from New York. He said, "Very glad to meet you, sir; you know we don't want anything real good at such a time as this." And I suppose it is fair to presume that you don't want anything real good

at such a time as this, in the same sense the grocer gave it. The celebration commands the attention of every person witnessing it. Here the men and women of this ancient town, (so ancient that even Governor Brackett can't remember the beginning of it; a town which has only made one mistake, and that is giving him his degree as a minister of the gospel,) represent the best of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. God bless her! What is there in all the catalogue of sights, better than a gathering of human beings, and in the gathering, what can be better than the men and women who comprise what the orator says was the typical town of Massachusetts? Yesterday I came down from the little hill town where the deacon was mowing, and twenty of us had gathered there to talk over old times. It is a New England town, perhaps a typical New Hampshire town, but not like this. I don't know but the soil might be a little better than that on which this tent stands; but for growth of men and women, it cannot surpass it.

The orator told us to-day that there is a recuperative energy in this place. The whaling dies out, something else springs up, and in these back hills is found a mine which beats whaling out of sight. You can't kill Cape Cod, and it may be that henceforth we are to see a growth in enterprise and population which shall astonish us. Last Sunday I would have been willing to swear that there was no place so pleasant as the little place where I was born; to-day I should make the affidavit with reluctance, because the affidavits before me so much outnumber those in the place where I was born. I sympathize with Theodore Parker's remark, who being told that the end of the world was come, said, "It doesn't concern me; I live in Boston." And I thought, too, of that story about the Americans who got together and had a celebration of the anniversary of their independence, who after eating and drinking, began to get a little excited over the patriotism of their country, and said, "Here is to the United States of America," and they cheered as only men will cheer who are enthusiastic, and another said, "I will go you one better. 'Here is to the United States of America, bounded on the North by the North Pole, on the East by the rising sun, on the South by the South Pole, on the West by the setting sun,'" and then they cheered more. But that was not satisfactory, and the most enthusiastic of all said, "I will give you a toast worth something. 'Here is to the United States, bounded on the North by the Aurora Borealis, on the East

by the Procession of the Equinoxes, on the South by the infernal regions, on the West by the Day of judgment.' " That man might have been born in Barnstable or Yarmouth or Dennis or Sandwich for all I know, but there would have been no limit to the bounds of his patriotism and the affection for his home. I am reminded that Mr. Swift, when he asked me to speak, said five minutes and no more. I have outrun that. I want to say, however, in answer to what was said in the introduction, that Yarmouth is my benefactor for having allowed its foremost citizen to accept a nomination from the opposing party last year. We agreed exactly, he that he didn't want to be elected, and I that I didn't want him to be elected. And we made this agreement: If he was elected I was to go upon his bond, and if I was elected he should go upon mine. There was this thing about it. His name on a bond would be worth a large part of Cape Cod; my name on his would hardly represent one of its sands. I had the better of him there; he has the better of me this afternoon.

The president then said: "I am glad to welcome here a delegation of the Cape Cod Association of Boston, worthy sons of those fathers, who left the Cape to seek their fortunes in Boston. I now introduce to you Mr. Alpheus H. Hardy, of Boston, a member of that association."

MR. HARDY'S ADDRESS.

When I was over persuaded by my good friend, Mr. Joshua M. Sears, the President of the Cape Cod Association, to say a few words this afternoon in response to your kind reference to it, I had no doubt of my being able to glean from the records of the society something of interest to you; but found to my dismay when I sought access to them that the Secretary was in Europe. I then turned to the history of the town of Yarmouth, but your orator has exhausted all that and I find myself somewhat in the position of the dog placed in the baggage car by the station agent, who answered the inquiry of the baggage master as to his destination by saying "I don't know where he's going, he don't know, and he's chawed up his tag."

I have found, however, a copy of the report of the first Annual Meeting of the Association, from which it appears that it was formed in 1850, with a full membership, representing every town on the Cape, except Mashpee. Chatham was represented on its board of officers by the Hon. David Sears, as President. There were then thirteen Vice Pres-

idents, of which Barnstable secured the majority, but Yarmouth, with her proverbial sagacity, laid her hands on the Secretaryship and Treasury. From a copy of the constitution, embodied in the report, I learned that the object of the association, was "to encourage and promote among all the native-born and descended of Cape Cod, temperance, industry, sincerity, good-humor, charity, the social affections and generous impulses," — objects certainly worthy in themselves, but especially useful in binding together those wanderers from home, and to keep alive in them an interest in the Cape itself; and to this end a provision existed that the October quarterly meeting shonld be held on the Cape, at some place which the Executive Committee should determine upon. This custom has fallen into disuse and the necessity of its revival, I respectfully urge to the attention of the President.

Of the charities of the Association and the use made of its surplus funds in aiding worthy lads from the Cape to a more complete education than the town schools afford, I should be glad to speak in detail, but cannot do so without the book.

Mr. Marden speaks of this gathering as an expression of love for the old home, of the desire to turn back to the days of childhood, with its associations and to what remains of its interests, but to many of us who stand in the second generation this is not possible.

What is there then, to warrant our retaining a personal and lively interest in the Cape? For myself, the answer and its explanation is simple — it is the most natural thing in the world to do, and why? I remember being told by a traveller who met on the plains of Arkansas a party of emigrants from the Black Forest, that when he asked of them their destination, was told, in reply, that they should "go on until they found a hill." The memory of the mountainous land they had left forbade their settling in no matter how fertile a plain; and so every one who has an ounce of salt water in his veins naturally turns to the shore, and rests satisfied only when he has the sea under his eyes, and the sound of its waters in his ears.

To these shores, then, we come, as the blackbirds and swallows, in the spring, to our own delight, and with the hope that we may contribute something to your welfare and happiness, and receive as warm a welcome as they. But contact with, and study of the Cape, confirms and increases

our love for it, and the people who dwell on it. We have been recently told, by way of joke, of the importance of the "foreigner" to our country. He has built our railways, dug our canals (always excepting the Cape Cod Canal.) He rules our largest cities; yes, and claims that he discovered the country for us. So indeed he did, but on the Cape this fact is singularly clear, that since the days of discovery there has been hardly any discernible foreign invasion. Here you find the purest old English stock, with a slight admixture of the best Huguenot blood,which came over with it; and here remains, in full force, the sturdy character and the institutions of the Pilgrims, adding grace and dignity to the other attractions of the Cape. Buckly, in his "History of Civilization," claims that races are practically what their natural environments make them; but it would appear that the Pilgrims and their decendants had overcome the environment and on the monotonous level of these shores raised as sturdy, as active and enduring a race, as ever swarmed from mountain or forest, for conquest, place and power. And yet, it may have been environment after all, for if toiling through these wastes does not give one what is vulgarly called "sand" what will? And if holding one end of a codline all day is not learning "to labor and wait" what is? And so the spirit of Longfellow's lines is in this people. "Still achieving, still pursuing," they stand "with hearts for any fate," and on these barren sands, and in these wild seas, carry the struggle for life to an honorable and successful issue.

The Cape Cod Association ought to actively continue its contact with the Cape, and you should welcome its members by special invitation to hold that quarterly meeting somewhere on the Cape. And, in its behalf, I now wish for the old town of Yarmouth, two hundred and fifty times more prosperity in the future than she has had in the past.

President Thacher said: "In that part of Yarmouth known by its Indian name Hockanom, there stands a large bowlder; against this rock an early settler built himself a hut in which he and his family passed their first winter at Yarmouth. I now have the pleasure of introducing to you a descendent of that settler, the Rev. Jeremiah Taylor, of Boston.

DR. TAYLOR'S ADDRESS.

Mr. Bradford says, "the character and education of the leading men, both of Plymouth and Massachusetts, were

such as to fit them for the enterprise which they undertook, to form a religious and political society founded in the equal rights of men, and obedience to God, as their supreme law-giver and governor." Such were the men, who, in 1639, only nineteen years after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, began those institutions and labors, which here have been such rich sources of blessing all the way and are crowned with such happy results, and which afford such pleasure and stimulus on this occasion of review. In the few moments alloted to me, permit me to direct attention to some of those peculiarities and agencies, which they magnified in their plans and work, and which became such important factors in all they accomplished.

First, individualism and deep-felt personal responsibility must have been a marked feature of the earlier times. They were too near Plymouth, both in time and place, to have lost that outstanding trait which so characterized all pioneers in human reform and progress. Men are like trees. In the dense forest, they are much alike; growth, appearance, and shading, are controlled largely by the pressure of environment, in the open field, the trunk and the limbs grow after their own fashion. One of the very painful features of life in the city is the loss of individualism. Fashion, acts as a cramp. The familiar proverb is exemplified if not written on the family creed, "Better be out of the world than out of the fashion." So in great churches, the overshadowing influence of the many renders small and obscure great numbers, who, in the end, have no need of a napkin in which to hide their talent, for they have no opportunity to exhibit it. Of how many of the great, fashionable congregations it may be said as Gray wrote in the Country Church-yard.

> "Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
> Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
> Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed
> Or wak'd to ecstacy the living lyre."

But there, where the fields were new and everything in social, state and religious life, was to be formed on an original basis, was just the place to make men and women of unique character and here they were found, as their works testify, for a tree is known by its fruits, and none but those who were alive to the intense personal call, to do with their might whatsoever their hand might find to do, could have accomplished what *was* done by our fathers and mothers.

Next the religious thought and life was eminent in all

they planned and did. This is apparent in the fact that this anniversary commemorates alike the organization of church and town, for they were coincident or nearly so, one and the same. Like the commonwealth of Israel in the time of the Judges — a divine model was followed. It has awakened a good deal of comment and even bitter criticism, that those who came to this land and laid the foundation of empire, and church, and all free institutions, should have failed in the beginning to make broad and distinct the line of demarkation between church and state. Having fled, as they did, from a country where the state tyrannized over the church, for the sake of civil and religious freedom, how natural such a distinction should have been carefully drawn! But this is easily explained, if we understand aright the great thought and impulse of their being; the Kingdom of God, in the heart and outward form, was every thing to them, and civilized society thus constituted was the state. There was no aim, no desire to make the state, as such, subservient to the church, or the church to be aided by the state in other than in this all-absorbing interest. A theocracy, in their view, was the most natural and reasonable of all conditions in civilized society, and out of this thought later grew the custom requiring all citizens to contribute to the support of the ordinances and institutions of the gospel, first, to the one standing order and subsequently, to any other denomination, which they might favorably join through preference. It was abhorrent to their thought of right and duty that anyone should live in the enjoyment of citizenship without being a supporter of the institutions of religion. It was no crime, no matter for reproach that the fathers took this high spiritual view of things. There conception of duty in this matter, as in many others, was in advance of the times. We have not reached it yet, but we surely shall come up to it when the "whole earth is full of the knowledge of the Lord, and the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of the Lord and of his Christ;" when the people and nation are all reclaimed it will not matter much whether it be named church or state, or both united. O, what a glorious land there would be to-day, if this high ideal of the fathers had continued, and made this rich spiritual life the only life of our vast country. They planned better than we have builded — the honor is theirs, the dishonor, ours. Great value was placed upon education by those who founded the church and town here. This is shown by the fact that they chose

an educated ministry for their teachers and leaders. The record shows that well-nigh every pastor located here has been a graduate of some college. Some have wondered that the Pilgrims came from such a small and comparatively unimportant region as Scrooby, in England, if they were as wise in matters pertaining to church, state and educational needs, as has been claimed for them. We say, yes! what they knew not when they left Scrooby, they did know when they left Holland, after those years of training and observation there. So wherever their feet trod and their hands planted, there was the school hard by the sanctuary. So in the beginning of things here. Your church homes, your private and public libraries, as well as the schools and churches of to-day are prompt witness that the spirit of education has been living and breathing through all the ages. It was from here, that the pastor who held the pastorate the longest sent three of his sons through Harvard College, the eldest of which planted a college in what was then the far west, and his literary labors remain which reflect great credit upon his extensive scholarship. The youngest daughter of that same clergyman sent her four sons through college and into the gospel ministry. The eldest of whom was born here, and who attained to such eminence in scholarship as to attract the attention of the ripest scholars at home and abroad. He died at fifty.

Your local historians record the names of many others of the sons of Yarmouth, who have passed through the higher departments of the schools, to honored positions in church and state, a goodly company, of which any town may be proud. The domestic, family life of the people has been a great harmonizing and elevating factor. This impression has been derived, not from any extensive contact with the people here, for I am virtually a stranger in this early home of my parents, and where was the long pastorate of my grandparent. But what my mother, who was a widow from my infancy, taught me of her childhood home has led me to think that Yarmouth was a paradise of homes. Parental government was there, the family altar was there, the covenant of God was remembered there, as recorded in sacred Scriptures, "I will be a God to thee and thy seed." Warm affection between all the members of the household was there; and the holy Sabbath was there, the most precious day of all the week in its home life and sanctuary service. This is the way the matter stands, as derived from the source mentioned,

and strengthened in subsequent years, as I have mingled with families, who moved from this vicinity. In one of the towns in Franklin County there is a neighborhood known as Cape street, because so many went up there and settled. A more intelligent, virtuous, religious neighborhood among the yeomanry, you will not often find. A broad sympathy with the woes and suffering of others, has been a very strong formative influence here. This state of things would grow up naturally and almost unconsciously in a community situated as this town is, with the sea on both sides, upon which so many of the fathers, sons and brothers, in years gone, more especially, obtained their livelihood. The sea is the highway of commerce among the nations, wonderful in vastness and power always, but how grand and awful to behold when rising into wrath under the lash of the storm king. The dead are there, in great numbers, "unknelled, uncoffined and unknown." Who can live by the sea, visit the desolate homes, see the widows and orphans which constitute so large a portion of the community as in Marblehead and Gloucester and along this Cape, and not be thoughtful, pitiful, and full of compassion? Oh, how often in my early home, so far from the sea, when the storm was raging in its fury, as we enjoyed our own peaceful dwelling, where the blaze rose high from the hearth and dispelled the gloom, the parent's voice would break the silence, by the exclamation, "a hard time for poor sailors to night," and then the prayer would follow at the close of evening, that God would be with them on the deep. Where did she learn that lesson of pity and prayer, which filled her whole life? Right here by the sea, and from the lips and experience of one who here became the husband of her youth. However humble was our cottage, however scanty the daily supply in the larder, no benighted traveller, no homeless vagrant was ever turned rudely from the door. I recite not these things to laud kith and kin, but to show how the flower of kindly affection, transplanted to the wilderness one hundred years ago from this congenial clime, lived and flourished there. One word more.

It has seemed that pride of place, a feeling of quality, has entered pretty largely into the composition of Old Yarmouth, and has transmitted itself from generation to generation, not as a blemish, but as a virtue. It has served to keep things up; you have thought well of yourselves, and thereby have been enabled to make others think well of you. Whoever saw a person who had the good fortune to be

born in this region, who has not been most happy in his birth right. Find two men anywhere, utter strangers before, and let them discover this common origin, and they immediately embrace as brothers. I have witnessed such instances repeatedly. A man said to me the other day, "whenever I find a man who came from the Cape, I expect to see one who is true and noble." That is the way they talk about you over here in Boston. There has been a good deal of feeling here and there of late among outsiders that you have somehow got into a place that hinders others from getting in as they would like. The eminent are often the object of envy to the aspiring. Commercial enterprise would like to have this Cape sunken so as to make water connection more direct from city to city. As this cannot be done, as the next best thing, it is proposed to cut you off from the mainland, isolate you a little more by the surrounding of the sea; the monster dredging machine is up there, near Sandwich, to this end. Now, good friends if it should happen sometime during the next two hundred and fifty years, that the ship canal, which has so long been in the air, should become a substantial reality in earth and sea, do not be troubled as though some strange thing had happened unto you, but pass right along as of yore. Keep sacredly, the virtues you have honored, shut closely the gate against the intrusion of anything that would mar the strength and beauty of your princely inheritance. By a patient continuance in well-doing, compel those who see you, from near or afar, to exclaim, as they do this hour, "behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." "As the dew of Hermon and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion; for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life forevermore."

The president, in introducing the next speaker, said: At an old time festival held in New Bedford, a son of the Cape gave the following sentiment, "Our friends of New Bedford, by their pacific pursuits pouring light upon the world."

Some two hundred years ago in a stormy night a French vessel came ashore on the outside of the Cape, of the passengers, officers and crew of that ill-fated vessel, but one was saved, one young French boy, too young, even to know his name. He was tenderly cared for by his rescuers, who named him Jean Crapaud. I have now the pleasure of in-

troducing the Hon. W. W. Crapo, of New Bedford, and I ask Mr. Crapo to pour some light on the subject.

MR. CRAPO'S ADDRESS.

Mr. President: I cannot claim a birthplace in the old Town of Yarmouth, nor can I boast, as most of you can, a descent from one of its early settlers. But I feel quite at home on Cape Cod. I have so often enjoyed the hospitality of your public occasions, and have so often taken a part in your public festivities, and have so frequently been brought into contact with your social life that I count myself a personal friend, with an intimacy close enough to secure for me a seat at the family table.

I am mindful, too, of that little boy, to whom you have alluded in introducing me, who, seven generations ago, in a wild, terrific north-east gale, washed from a dismasted and wrecked ship, was thrown by the breakers on the shores of Cape Cod. The people of Cape Cod were kind to him — that little, floating waif of humanity — and they sheltered him and gave him a home and a chance for life. If my ancestor was not born on the soil of Cape Cod, a distinction which you prize so highly, he found in the foaming breakers and the sandy beach of the Cape a refuge from an ocean grave.

In listening to the story of the early settlers of Yarmouth, of the men who left Plymouth to plant here the seeds of civil and religious liberty and to found a local government resting purely on the will of the governed, the facts which impress us are their fortitude, self-denial and suffering. This bright, gorgeous summer day on which we commemorate their virtues and heroism, typical of the glorious achievements and brilliant results which crown the span of two hundred and fifty years, is in sharp contrast with the hunger and cold, the disaster and privation of the early days. It is the bleak winter, with its leaden sky and chilling, frost-biting winds, and not the pleasures and recreations of the summer time, that we associate with the hardy, sturdy, robust, God-fearing, tyrant-defying pioneers of old Yarmouth. Those men were disciplined and toughened by the rigors of harsh surroundings. Their mental and moral muscles were trained by personal sacrifices. They became strong-minded and stout-hearted through toil and privation. They breasted the ecclesiastical storms, which waged so fiercely in their day, with an unflinching fidelity to truth, and as a result we breathe a purer moral and religious atmosphere. They were cheered

by a constant sense of duty and controlled by an unconquerable purpose. And the New Englander of to-day, inheriting the Pilgrim spirit, with self-confidence and aspiration, confronts every emergency and is ready for every undertaking. He is ardent, self-reliant and persistent. His public spirit is marked with earnestness, progress and independence.

We have recently heard much discussion concerning the relative standard of official and political life in the days of Washington and our own time. Whatever may be said of the public morals of one hundred years ago in contrast with the present, we can point to the record of the early days of Yarmouth without any misgivings, and can challenge a comparison with any age or race. This community, which in its early beginnings guarded the spiritual welfare of its members, by making compulsory their attendance upon church worship, and which strengthened the common defense by compulsory military drill and service, in the same spirit protected the integrity of official life and secured the highest efficiency in administration, by compelling, under penalties of the law, the attendance of every voter at the town meeting. The Pilgrims believed in a democracy which not only permitted citizenship but made obligatory upon the citizen the duties of citizenship. They believed in the practice, as well as the theory, of a free and equal commonwealth. Under such a system, where every man participated in public affairs, and where indifference, cowardice and personal ease were not tolerated as excuses for neglect of the duties of citizenship, the political morals of the community were secure. In those days there were no party rings or machines; the professional workers in politics were unknown; and the lobby was free from temptation and scandal, since there was no lobby. The purity of political life and the safety of the state can always be assured by the faithfulness and constancy of the people in the discharge of the primary duties of citizenship. We have only to be true to this principle in our day and generation as were our fathers. To this end we must educate, as they did, the public conscience to the conviction that political fidelity is simply integrity in the discharge of public trusts, and that the only kind of honesty known to man applies to political as to ordinary duties. The Plymouth Colonists held to this doctrine and they acted upon it, and they were enabled thereby to organize the freest and at the same time the most stable and conservative political institutions the world has ever known.

We, their children, are put upon our honor to conduct the present so that it shall equal the past.

The President then said, A Poem written by Mrs. Mary M. Bray, will be read by her son, Chandler M. Bray.

POEM.

Far back in shadowy regions of the Past,
So far, that truths and myths seem strangely blent,
A shallop frail from Scandinavian shores,
Sailing south-west on venturous errands bent,
Storm-tossed, wave-beaten, neared at last a coast,
Low-lying, stretched along the waters blue,
To weary eyes, long vexed with restless seas,
A sight forever welcome, ever new.

Upon the deck, amid his hardy crew
Of Norsemen bold, stood Thor-finn, born to lead,
Intent and watchful, and beside him there
As everywhere, his gentle wife Gundride.
Nearer they came, and sailing slowly by,
They saw long lines of white and gleaming sands,
By trailing clouds of fleecy mist o'erhung,
And called them, "Furdustrandas," "Wonder Strands."

So runs the legend in Icelandic lore,
But Thor-finn passed them by; and the sun rose and set,
And other mornings dawned and evenings waned,
And seasons ran their wonted round and met
And parted, till at length a year had fled.
A year! What is it? In our lives so brief,
A priceless boon; but in the larger plan
Of Nations, it is like a wind-strewn leaf.

Thus the swift years sped by unheralded,
Adown the silent arches of the Past.
A long and dim procession, and behold!
A century its course had run at last,
And in the sunlight or the moonlight pale
Still as before glimmered the silvery sands,
Yet unexplored, to map or chart unknown,
Still were they "Furdustrandas," Wonder-strands.

Three centuries more, and then Columbus rose,
Like a new sun, and proudly led the way,
From east to west, and men grew vigorous
In the strong light of that inspiring day.
They turned their faces to the western world,
They sought with ardor, countries yet unseen,
And faltered not, although the stormy waves
Of a tumultuous ocean rolled between.

And than came Gosnold with his English crew,
And they were weary of the salt sea fare;
So they cast anchor in the spacious bay,
And dropped their lines and guarded them with care,
And on the royal bounty of the sea
Feasted like kings, — and called the shore — "Cape Cod,"
And the new name displaced the olden ones,
And still to all the world, — it is — Cape Cod.

In early winter, when the days were short,
And cold and darkness, dreary spells had wrought
O'er sea and shore, — hither by destiny led —
A wind-blown barque, — the Mayflower shelter sought.
Then in the harbor was the compact framed;
Then the white strands by pilgrim feet were trod;
"It might have been"! Yes, the historic site,
Might well have been some spot on dear Cape Cod.

But fate decreed it not. They crossed the bay,
And Plymouth Rock became the chosen shrine,
Whereon their children in the years to come,
Should rear a votive gift of marbles fine;
A shrine, a new-world Mecca, whereunto
Should journey those of every race and age,
In voluntary homage to the men,
Who left for us this noble heritage.

Pilgrims of Plymouth! But they cherished still
Remembrance of their early camping ground,
And back to Nauset and to Mattacheese,
Envoys were sent, on various errands bound;
Until in sixteen hundred thirty-nine,
"A grant was given," thus the old records run,
"To take up lands as freemen," and to build
At Mattacheese, Nobscussett, Hockanom.

The fine old Indian names, how much they mean ;
All moods of nature in them mirrored lie,
Promptings of winter's cold, of summer's heat,
The frowning clouds, the azure of the sky.
Hints of bold, wooded shores, of rock-strewn plains,
Of fertile valleys and of sterile hills,
Of upland meadows, lying green and calm,
Of leaping torrents and of rippling rills.

We must not let them slip away from us,
To drift and perish in dark Lethe's flow ;
Nay, rather let us link their melody
With all the pleasant things that life can show,
With towns and streets and parks and leafy lanes,
And summer homes, like one not far away,
Which makes Nobscussett, still a word of cheer,
To all the region round about the bay.

It is the last, sad service we can give,
To keep alive the memory of a race,
Whose pomp and power exhaled like morning mist,
Before the coming of the strange "pale face."
This let us do, and send the custom down
To "future generations "yet unborn,
We who now till their pleasant hunting grounds.
Heirs of the men who ate Iyanough's corn.

To us the names bring only pleasant dreams,
But to the Pilgrims, something strange and weird
Breathed vaguely through the sounding syllables ;
Some taint of heathendon perhaps they feared.
Their hearts were sore with tender memories,
And homesick yearnings for things left behind,
To their new homes, amid the wilderness,
Remembrances of England, they would bind.

The infant settlement at Mattacheese,
Ere it became a town, desired a name,
An English name, to soothe the half-owned pain.
Among the settlers, some from Yarmouth came,
From Yarmouth by the sea. "We'll build," they said,
"Another Yarmouth on this wave-washed shore ;
The soul's demand for freedom and for peace
May here be satisfied. What seek we more ?"

We search the records once again, and read
The names of those who pioneered the way,
"Hallet and Matthews, Thacher, Howes and Crowe,
Simpkins and Ryder, Taylor, Sears and Gray,"
The old familiar names, — how dear they are, —
Two centuries and a half have rolled away,
Yet on our streets and in our homes they live,
Our childhood knew them, — they are here to-day.

Two centuries and a half! Through all these years,
The little town has kept its even pace;
The Nation's giant growth, it has not shared,
A "looker on" amid the rush and race.
Far from the busy centres of great gains,
The dizzying whir of multitudinous looms,
Its peaceful atmosphere has never throbbed
With the discordant jars of strikes and booms.

No mine with glittering promise lures the crowd,
No wondrous beach attracts a transient throng,
Chiefly and best, it is a town of homes,
With all the elements that make them strong;
Of peaceful, prosperous, safe and happy homes;
Yet here a world-wide highway opens free,
And the quick blood stirs with adventurous thrills,
Born of close contact with the restless sea.

In the far north, where the low-circling sun,
Makes night of hours that else were counted day,
And the aurora with its rosy flame,
Makes of the night, almost a dawning gay,
In tropic isles, where palm trees lift themselves
Stately and tall, to meet that burning sun,
And dark-skinned natives sit in robes of white,
Smoking long pipes until the day is done.

In countries where strange accents meet the ear,
And all the usages of life seem new,
Where the Mohammedan at sunset kneels,
Or where the Hindoo shields his food from view
Of passing strangers, from his race as well,
Save those belonging to his creed and caste,
Where men to idols bow, and blindly cling
To the dark superstitions of the past.

Amid such scenes her sailor-sons are found;
Conversant and at ease with foreign modes,
Equal to the demands of every clime,
Yet holding still to the New England codes.
With minds whose steady poise unswerving keeps
In all their varied wanderings afar;
With hearts as true to home and native land,
As is the needle to the polar star.

I crave your pardon, if I pause too long,
Paying my tribute to the work and worth
Of Yarmouth — nay — that limit were unjust, —
Of Cape Cod seamen. Where in all the earth
Can one find men of more heroic mould,
More nobly brave; and yet to honors due,
Laying no claim, content with duty done?
Alas! alas! that they are now so few.

She has had other sons, and has them still,
To whom she well may turn with love and pride.
In all the cities of the land they dwell,
Even where the broad Pacific rolls its tide
In through the Golden Gate. And some have brought
Their wealth and their renown, and at her feet
Have laid them, saying "Take and use,
For since thou gavest us birth, it is but meet."

O Town beloved! Thy children homeward turn,
This birthday festival with thee to hold;
Some have been wanderers from thy hearthstone long,
And some have seldom strayed beyond the fold;
But we are here, respondent to thy call,
Thou hast an equal welcome for us all.

The years fly fast, and *we* are growing old,
But *thou* art mistress of a secret rare;
Well dost thou keep the charm perennial,
Thou dost not change except to grow more fair.
To breathe again thy soft, salt air is bliss —
We look about us — is there aught we miss?

The fields invite us, as they did of old,
To gather Mayflowers in the springtime sweet,
Or spicy swamp-pink with its odorous breath,
Or blackberries ripening in midsummer's heat;
The rolling hills yet witness to the care,
Of those who thought to plant the pine trees there.

The quiet of the ponds in whose green depths,
The darting pickerel lures the angler's rod,
Is broken still by plash of gliding oars
And merry shouts, and rooted in the sod,
The water lily lifts its snowy cup
Unto the sun, and yields its sweetness up.

And all along the shore the changeful sea,
Stretches its shimmering lines, now faintly blue,
Then bright'ning hour by hour, then dull and grey,
Again as dark as is the violet's hue
Lending to thee a grandeur and a grace,
A semblance of illimitable space.

The long elm-shaded street its quiet keeps,
The clustering church spires upward rise, and near
The library and the school-house standing by,
Proclaim the tempered spirit reigning here,
The spirit shown in outward visible signs,
That rings in Whittier's familiar lines.

We look about us: is there naught we miss?
Ah yes! the faces that we used to see;
Alas! the voices that we used to hear;
Are they not whispering messages to thee?
Are they not with thee on thy festal day,
For who indeed, have loved thee more than they?

Shades of the Fathers! are they looking down,
And with anointed vision do they see,
From some far realm, beyond the ether blue,
All that the future years shall bring to thee?
Perchance, perchance, we breathe in troubled cries,
For we are blind, — the future hidden lies.

Now we are here; this is our brief day
To dream, to work, to love, and to aspire:
We fain would bring some birthday gift to thee;
What can we bring, save love and the desire
Ever to grow more worthy for thy sake!
O, Mother Town! accept the gift we make.

The president in introducing the Rev. J. W. Dodge said, "The gentleman who will next address you needs no introduction from me. He will take for his subject, "The First church of Yarmouth" For more than twenty years he has been its beloved pastor, and we all of us know and respect him.

ADDRESS OF REV. JOHN W. DODGE.

I am truly proud to be associated with this most interesting and memorable occasion in the history of Old Yarmouth. For though not a native, a residence of twenty-one years is a virtual naturalization. If I could not say, as I have been saying during the preparation for this anniversary, "our fathers came here", I should feel like the hero of Dr. Hale's story, "that I was a man without a country". I have been long enough on Cape Cod, mingling with her people, and identified with her life to feel that her interests are mine, and whenever I hear her spoken of in terms of disparagement my blood boils with indignation.

My topic is the old church of Yarmouth. And on this gala day in the old homestead, the grandmother church has the chair of honor. No tribute of respect would have been acceptable to our fathers that did not recognize the supremacy of the church. It was the topmost thing in life to them. It was in obedience to a conviction of this kind that, when it become necessary a few years ago to build a new meeting-house they located it on the highest hill in the town. There it stands as a beacon for sailors on the Bay, visible for many miles at sea as the Parthenon was visible to the sailors on the blue Aegean. They did not prize so much the purple sunsets over the quiet summer waters that might be witnessed from its windows, or that they might almost descry from its tower, both the harbor where the Mayflower lay at Provincetown, and the Rock where the landing was made. It was even less a matter of thought that it would be hard work for successive generations to climb up Zion's hill to worship week by week. They were ready to face the sweeping blasts of the fierce Northers that almost lifted them from their feet, and they saw no good reason why their children should not be as hardy as themselves. The church was the inspirer of our fathers though all the self-sacrifices that we delight to recall and honor to-day. The church was before the town, the town was for the church. They came here to enjoy freedom to worship, and built the town around the

church, as if to maintain and defend it. Though it is true that in this colony it was not required by law that voters should be members of the church, as it was in Massachusetts and New Haven, still they placed the standard of character necessary to entitle one to vote, so high that practically few others than church members could enjoy the privilege, and as a matter of history, the church has been to the life of the town, what the spinal chord is to the body. There has been shown here on a small scale, an illustration of what has recently been said by one of our most able church historians, that the "church is the soul and spirit of all true civilization, of all true liberty, of all true knowledge." The life of the town, both public and private, has gathered about the life of this church. It has been the one essentially unchanging power through all the changes of the generations past.

But now, when you attempt to reproduce the facts of the past even for a succinct view, you find it has melted away as if it were a vision; we do not know who composed this church in the beginning, nor how many of them there were, except by inference from the Colony Records. We have absolutely no data for determining the female membership. We do not know just where the old church stood, nor when it was built. We have no record of their creed or their covenant. We do have some report of their troubles, for they very soon got into hot water with their ministers, and the trouble lasted so long and gave them so much pain that since they got over it in 1667 they have been probably the most harmonious and peaceful church that could be found in the Commonwealth. There have been twelve ministers before the present incumbent, and they have been of as many types as the twelve apostles. The first three were English University men, godly and useful. They brought the old world training with them, and were as good as the best of their contemporaries. Then came Cotton, grandson of the famous Boston minister and graduate of Harvard, a home product. Greenleaf of Newbury, also a graduate of Harvard, who was abreast of the times in one respect at least, that he was the father of thirteen children. After him, Thomas Smith, of Barnstable, who served on a small salary during the hard times of the French and Indian war. Grindal Rawson, the story teller and wit, who remarked, when no one could find the place in the burying-ground where Mr. Cotton's grave was, that "he was the only one of the first seven ministers whose dust was committed to the earth in Yarmouth, what-

ever the ministers suffered here, the worm did not feed on them." We must infer that Mr. Rawson had a somewhat uncomfortable time. After him, came the enthusiastic young Mr. Green, the son of the Barnstable minister, who died at his post six years after, greatly lamented. This brings us to our modern times when Rev. Mr. Alden comes on the scene, a little man with his antique wig, small clothes and three-cornered hat, witty and wise. He worked through the time of the Revolutionary war. With him is associated the old, old meeting-house of the grandfathers, with its sounding-board, square pews, deacons' seat and spacious galleries. Then follows Mr. Cogswell, first as colleague, and then a spastor alone. He is the reviver of the doctrine of the fathers, placing a catechism in every house. We remember him to-day as the devoted friend of education, the consolidator of the schools, who looked out that the young men of his congregation married orthodox wives and the girls good orthodox husbands; who did so much towards securing a new church, and left means to perpetuate preaching in the same line of truth by a liberal legacy. Of the brethren who still survive I need not speak. They are doing good work elsewhere in the land. This church has been a teacher to me, and through its history I have found the best introduction to general church history. The life of one church is like a geological section cut through the country, which shows the general character of the earth's crust. The course of the religious life of one church is an index of the movements that have taken place on the wider field. The first forty years connects us closely with the English Puritan history, for we had ministers trained under those influences. Then came the gradual decay of spiritual life here, as a part of the wide-spread retrogression in spiritual life generally. The pressure and trial of wars make their mark upon the church life, as do the colonization westward and subsequent revival periods. The church to-day is the outgrowth of the past. Hereditary influences have been at work developing a certain well-defined character. There has been less outside pressure, less to deflect us from the primitive Puritan type than in the newer parts of New England. The original stock has had the field to itself, still we have been in communication with the wide world by means of commerce, and though leading in earlier days a somewhat isolated life on one side, the broadening influences of intercourse with the world, by sea, have not been lost upon us.

A history like this we celebrate to-day, affords an illustration of the mission of the country church. We naturally ask to-day what has this church done for the men and women who have lived here through eight generations? And the answer is, it has built up a sturdy, liberal, philanthropic, genial character. Its children have been equal to the work laid upon them. They could Christianize the Indians, or grapple with the problems of war or enterprise as they came up,— they are doing it now. I made a journey across the country a little while ago, and thought I would look up my parishioners. I found them in Chicago, in Kansas City, in Flagstaff, Arizona, in Denver and Golden and San Francisco. I said to myself, we are here on the rim of the continent, a little country church, but really our forces are deployed along a line that stretches from ocean to ocean. Does any one who visits us in the quiet of our ordinary days ask, what do you have to do with the seething life of this great nation? We answer, my friend, we are training the men who are at the bottom, and the top, too, for that matter, of these great enterprises. It is quiet here, we have no looms, no bell rouses you at five in the morning, or whistle startles you at noon. But this is only home; our business is in Boston, in Chicago and San Francisco. Commonwealth Avenue is very quiet, almost as much so as Main Street, here, during office hours. Our men are at home to-day; they throng this tent. Look around you here, this is Yarmouth as she is with her children at home. To keep up the supply of efficient workers at the front, is our mission still, we have been doing it for a quarter millennium, and we expect to keep on till the whole millennium is ended. The people that have descended from the Matthews, the Crowells, the Thachers, and the Ryders are to have as much influence on the character and life of the future, as their ancestors have had upon the past.

I will give you, Mr. President, this sentiment as I close. *The old church of Yarmouth, the spiritual guide of the past, the inspirer of the present, the hope of the future, her spirit is everywhere, her heart is here.*

The president then said: "Cape Cod has always been proud, and justly proud of its sea captains, a race of men, alas, too fast disappearing, but we are thankful that there are some still with us today. I have now the pleasure of introducing one of them to you, Capt. Thomas Prince Howes, of

Dennis, and a better seaman never trod the quarter-deck of a ship."

CAPT. HOWES'S ADDRESS.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: It is not necessary for me to say that this has been a great and glorious day for Yarmouth and Dennis. I think you have all had a good time; as for myself, after hearing the encomium upon the men who founded Yarmouth, I feel some two inches taller than I did this morning, The hour is getting late, and I do not propose to weary you by going over what has already been said.

Our fathers made a wise selection of locality when they fixed on Yarmouth; it had many varied advantages as a place of settlement. It was in close proximity by water to Plymouth, a safe harbor for vessels was close at hand; Boston was within seven or eight hours' sail with a fair wind; the extensive salt marshes offered abundant fodder for their sheep and cattle; fresh water everywhere, in ponds and springs and running brooks, was in abundant supply. Dennis joins in this celebration for the reason that for one hundred and fifty-four years it was a part of the town of Yarmouth; it included the ancient villages of Nobscussett, Sesuit, Quivet on the North side, and Bass Ponds on the South side; two of the original grantees made their homes there, Thomas Howes and John Crowe, and I think they showed good judgment in selecting the eastern part as their future home. It is evident they lost no time in laying the foundation of the new town: the church was at once gathered, constables were soon appointed and order reigned in the wilderness. That the men who founded this town came here with a sense of justice in their hearts is plainly to be seen in their treatment of the Indians, as well as in the readiness with which they submitted to a re-adjustment of their division of the lands and accepted the settlement by Miles Standish, without any complaint. Socrates said: "That state in which the citizens pay most respect to the laws, is in the best condition in peace, and invincible in war." Our fathers were a law-abiding people, with a spirit of reverence for justice, truth and religion; a town founded by such men could not fail of having a history to be proud of. The readiness with which our people have taken to the sea, has led me to fancy that perhaps some of the blood of those old Danish marauders who harried the East coast of England for two centuries, may have got mixed

with that of Anglo Saxon ancestors, some of whom came from East Anglia, where the Vikings mostly settled. The division of the town took place in 1793; it was done by the mutual consent of both sections of the old town — it required no lobbying at the State House to effect the separation — and the two towns have always dwelt beside each other in peace and harmony. Abraham and Lot were not more determined to be at peace than the towns of Yarmouth and Dennis during their separate existence. Dennis has not had a long history — I can remember a large part of it — my father was born in Yarmouth, was nineteen years old when the town was divided. When Dennis was incorporated, our national flag bore fifteen stars, now forty-two are emblazoned thereon. Our Government was then so feeble that it submitted to pay tribute to the Dey of Algiers, six thousand stand of arms and equipments to match. It was one of the fireside stories of my childhood, that Mr. Reuben Taylor of Hockonom, being chased by some of the boats of those Barbary Corsairs, fought them from the stern of his vessel with a single gun and with only the assistance of the cabin boy, the captain and crew having declined to fight, beat them off and saved the vessel from plunder and the crew from captivity. Such was the condition of the United States Government in 1793, not one hundred years ago. "There shall be a handful of corn on the earth upon the top of the mountains, the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon."

The nation then so weak, now rejoices "like a strong man to run a race." It may be claimed that Dennis, under the circumstances, has very fairly kept pace with the progress of the country. We had no mail in 1793; we only had one meeting-house at that time. The schools were not of first quality, although the teachers were often men of college education, seldom anything but the three R's was taught. Boys hardly ever attended the summer schools after reaching ten years of age; after that age they were sent to sea, or put at work on the farm. Now, happily, we have changed all that. The town is free from debt, five school-houses with fourteen schools afford means for the education of all the children. The poor are cared for, the labor of each benefits all; four meeting-houses furnish preaching to all who have ears to hear, and hearts to profit by the spoken word, and we have the summer visitor whose gentle presence is like a bow of promise. We abate nothing of heart or hope for the future of our towns. Should the time,

however, come, when their citizens shall cease to venerate the memories we this day celebrate, then the glory of this ancient town will have departed, and its last hour have struck.

The president then said: "There is one here who has well served this town and country on the battle field, and who has been honored in a neighboring state by a seat in her judiciary. I now have the pleasure of introducing to you, Judge Darius Baker, of Newport, R. I."

JUDGE BAKER'S ADDRESS.

Mr. President: "On the festal day of Old Yarmouth, which is the common mother of most of us now present, I may be pardoned if I boast that I was "to the manor born," and that for two hundred and fifty years my ancestors have lived and died within two or three miles of the spot where the first of them dwelt, Yelverton Crowe, the first settler, I believe, on the south side of this town. I should be unjust to you as well as to myself, if at this late hour, I attempted to say what I have had in mind to speak of, and I shall only express my gratification at being here and in being permitted to share with you the pleasures of this celebration. But I have a duty to another to perform. Some fifty years ago a young minister came to the town of Dennis and settled there, preaching one year on the north side of the town and afterwards at South Dennis. I refer to one who will doubtless be remembered by some of the older people here present, and whose memory is preserved in the names of some of the well-known citizens of these ancient towns. I mean the Rev. Thatcher Thayer. After a long and active life in the city of Newport, where he has been a great power for good, he now lives in quiet retirement, and owing to the condition of his health he is unable to be here, although it would have afforded him great pleasure to respond to your kind invitation in person. He has, however, written a few lines commemorative of this event, which, at his request, and with your permission, Mr. President, I will now read.

DR. THAYER'S LETTER.

"MEMORIES OF FORTY-EIGHT YEARS AGO."

Yarmouth! Dennis! Not rich indeed in products of the soil — though reaping harvests from the sea and finding treasures in the sand — but fertile in men. A race of unmixed English — their very names declaring their lineage — forms and features and complexion sometimes repeating their

far-away Northmen descent, and one saw in some tall, vigorous, fair-haired, young seaman on his quarter-deck the very likeness of a youthful Viking, such as sailed these waters long before the Pilgrims came. A population wonderfully homogeneous, with no foreign element to disturb town meetings, conducting assemblies with instinct for parliamentary order and a long-inherited ability to debate and vote in harmonious sequence. No extremes of social condition where mushroom riches look down with pride and hopeless poverty looks up with bitterness; but diversified competence, where the humblest table could furnish at will a "quahaug chowder" that no New York or Paris cuisine could approach. No need of Socialistic theories to teach provision for each by consolidation of all; and keep men from having nothing by leaving them nothing to have — but a social system of natural growth, where individual property was sacred and the individual self was eminently distinct, while a wonderful extent and replication of kindred acted with silent and efficacious force to raise all to comfortable living, and many to high rank in their calling. There, too, were genuine homes, with family ties so strong that few wandered hopelessly from their attraction. In those dwellings by the sea the father was honored as in early New England, and the mother ruled with a gentle but undisputed sway — far worthier of woman than to vote with all creation and be decked with the "semi-lunar-fardel" of degrees.

If not many books were found in the houses, at least the poetry and essays were of severer taste than most of the authors who now usurp the place of Milton and Johnson and Addison. From earliest times the people maintained their schools, and it would have been hard to meet in Yarmouth or Dennis any wholly illiterate. So, too, they supported their churches, listened attentively to preaching and discussed the doctrine in intermission, as was the wont of their fathers before them. Here, too, lingered the blessed heritage from the Puritans — the Sabbath — and from many a family altar ascended unfailingly the offering of prayer. But my "Sentiment" is too long and I must stop, though it is tempting to dwell on scenes and persons of Yarmouth and Dennis in those past years.

Perhaps this view has been a little too rose-colored. If so, it must be pardoned to loving memories.

May God's blessing ever rest on these ancient towns!

THATCHER THAYER.

Mr. E. D. Payne then called for three cheers for the President, which was responded to with enthusiasm.

Thus closed the exercises at the tent, and the assembly quietly dispersed. Many embraced the opportunity to revisit the scenes of their childhood and to renew the friendship of days gone by. It was a frequent remark that the occasion had been in all respects most enjoyable, a red-letter day in the history of the town. No disorderly conduct was observed during the day, nor the slightest appearance of drunkenness.

In the evening a grand reception and ball were held at the Nobscussett House, Dennis. The house was tastefully decorated with flags and pendants, and brilliantly lighted for the occasion, the arrangements being carried out under the direction of Mr. John Simpkins, Mr. Albert C. Snow being floor director. The Boston Cadet Orchestra, Mr. J. T. Baldwin, director, furnished the music for the evening. The occasion was greatly enjoyed by the large company present, the most delightful feature of it being the reunion of old friends and acquaintances.

A display of fireworks, in both towns during the evening, formed a fitting conclusion to the celebration. Those in Yarmouth were exhibited in the vicinity of the tent, those in Dennis at the Nobscussett House. They were furnished by the Unexcelled Fireworks Company of New York under the direction of Mr. Alfred Gorham, and consisted of bombs, rockets, red and green fire, variegated batteries, geysers, with two set pieces, one of which displayed the motto "Yarmouth 1639 — 1889" with sunfire effects and fireworks whistles, winding up with a large set piece, with the motto "Good Night," with beautiful combinations.

Thus ended the Quarto-Millenial of the old town, to be ever after enshrined among the most delightful memories of those who participated in it. Most of the next day the flags

spanned the streets, and the buildings retained their gay holiday attire as if loath to resume the plain work-day garb. The photographer was busy at many points, and thus we are enabled to reproduce to some extent a picture of characteristic scenes for the benefit of many whose hearts were there, but who were prevented from being present. And if, in turning from the heroic scenes of the earlier times to the quieter tasks of the present, a tinge of disappointment comes over us, we may console ourselves with the truth,

"The fathers sleep, but men remain
As wise, as true, and brave as they;
Why count the loss and not the gain?
The best is that we have to-day."

VIEWS

—IN—

YARMOUTH and DENNIS.

THE TENT.

ARCH AND HALLETT HOUSE.

THE OLD CHURCH.

The Mill-Pond and Bay taken from near the site where Giles Hopkins built the first house erected in Yarmouth.

THE THACHER HOMESTEAD, BUILT IN 1680.

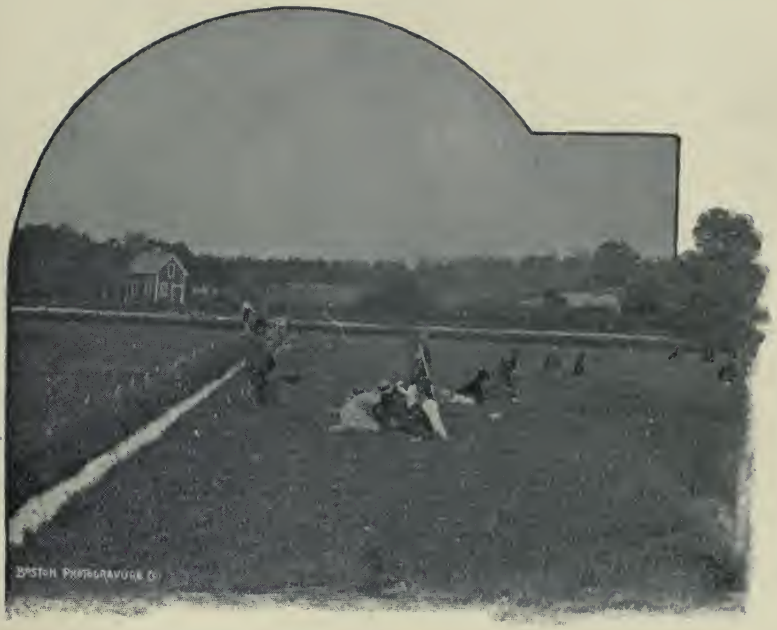
A MODERN COTTAGE.

THE CHANDLER GRAY HOUSE.

Indian Monument erected by Dr. Azariah Eldridge, on the border of Long Pond, South Yarmouth.

THE STURGIS HOUSE.

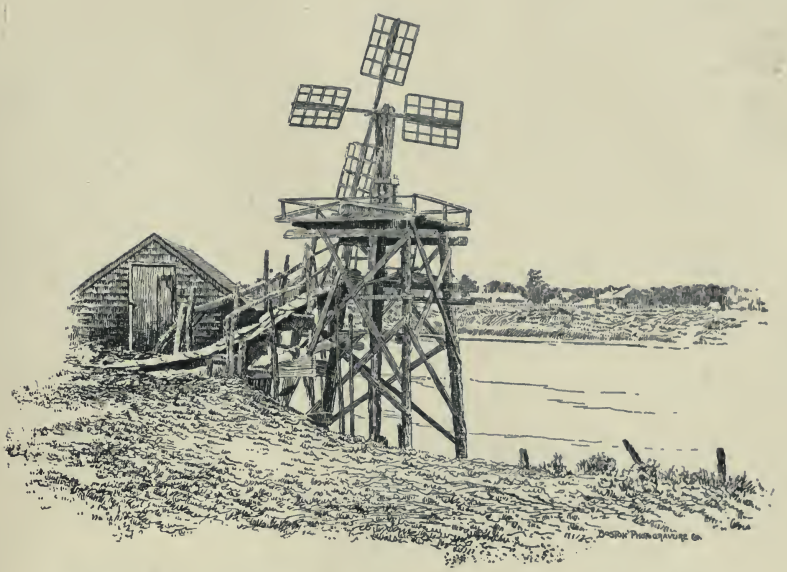
AN INTERIOR OF 1750.



A CRANBERRY BOG.

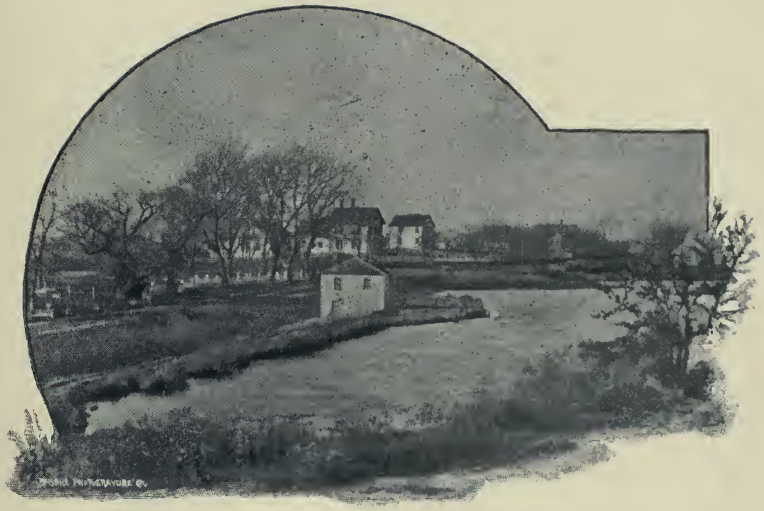
WIND-MILL.—Built for Thomas Greenough in 1779. Located on the North Side of Yarmouth, afterward removed to the mouth of Bass River; again removed to its present location at Friends' Village.

The Homestead of Enoch E. Chase; was first built in Marston's Mills about the year 1750, and was moved to West Yarmouth about 1768, by Thomas Black. It was bought by Anthony Chase in 1781, and bequeathed to his son, Enoch E. Chase, who was born March 4, 1804, and died in the same room in which he was born, August 21, 1887.



SALT-MILL.—South Yarmouth. Built during the War of 1812.

SALT-WORKS.—South Yarmouth. Built during the War of 1812.



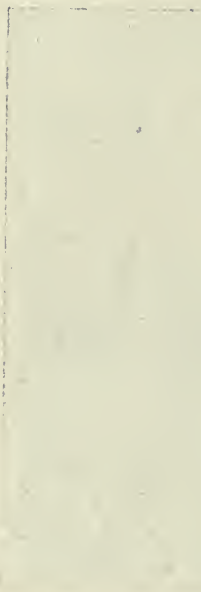
Grist-Mill in West Yarmouth. Built about 1775 and now owned by the heirs of Joshua Baker.

Howes House, Dennis, built about 1700 by Prince Howes, grandson of the first Thomas Howes and also grandson of Gov. Thomas Prince.

Hall House, Dennis, built about 1700 by Joseph Hall, and owned by the Hall family since its erection.

This house was built by Rev. Josiah Dennis, for whom the town was named, about 1735.

Sears House, East Dennis. It was built in 1711, by Capt. John Sears, and has been in the Sears family ever since.



APPENDIX.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE PRESENTED TO THE TOWN FEBRUARY 10, 1890.

Your Committee beg leave to submit the following statement of the receipts and expenditures attending the celebration of the 250th anniversary of the founding of the town:

The Treasurer has received cash from the town of Yarmouth,	$1000.00
Contributions from individuals in Dennis,	492.00
From other sources,	150.65
Total receipts,	$1,642.65
The expenses of the Celebration were,	$1,423.42
There has been paid on account of printing the pamphlet report of the Celebration,	$103.50
Leaving balance of cash on hand,	115.73
There is also an account due the Treasurer of	8.75

To illustrate and to print the remaining portions of the pamphlet it will require some $300. Individuals have agreed to advance any sums that may be called for in addition to the money already in the Treasurer's hands. Should the sale of the pamphlets not be sufficient to repay the individuals the sums that they have advanced they will make no call on the town for such advances.

The Committee ask to be continued and report at some future meeting of the town.

H. C. THACHER, Chairman, for the Committee.

The report was accepted and the committee continued.

On a motion made by Hon. Henry G. Crowell, the town passed a vote of thanks to the chairman for his efficient services, and to the citizens of Dennis, for their co-operation in the celebration.